THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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LITERARY IRELAND.

What is Being Done to Collect, Publish and Extend the Works of Gifted Irish Authors.

Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis' Co-Laborer on the Famous Dublin "Nation," Foremost in the Cause.

The Irish literary revival, which is just now being inaugurated in Dublin and London by Charles Gavan Duffy, is awaking new interest in the past record and actual condition of Irish literature. Duffy's project of publishing a series of original works by writers racy of the soil on exclusively Irish subjects is a most patriotic undertaking, and deserves all the success which, I hear, it is meeting with on the other side of the water. Although the proposed capital —$15,000—is a rather small sum for such an enterprise, it will at least suffice to found and establish a business which eventually ought to more than pay for itself—if Irishmen will only aspire to become as much a reading people as their neighbors the French or the English. The books, to be popular, must be cheap. Volumes costing over half a crown, will have but a very limited sale; for the classes, which in other countries could afford to purchase expensive national publications, would in Ireland scorn to patronize any such "seditious" literature. In their eyes anything that is merely Irish is decidedly vulgar. These West British toadies will have no literary pabulum that has not the hall mark of Cockneydom upon it. A biography of Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, if issued in London, would be preferred by them a thousand times to the best written history of Ireland printed on the banks of the Liffey.

The *renaissance* set on foot by the veteran ex-editor of the *Nation* is a very hopeful outlook for Irish literature. Coming as it does after the publication of a series of works on Irish poets within recent years, it will help to make the products of Irish minds better known to the general public than they are at present. In this country within the past decade the bards of Erin have been grouped together in several massive and elegantly bound volumes. "The Poetry of Ireland," so ably edited by the late Mr. Connolly of New York, and Mr. Richard Nagle of Boston, have contributed to a large extent to popularize the efforts of Irish poetical talent.

A COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF POETS.

We have had, however, no complete series of biographies of Irish writers of verse until quite recently when Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, a young Irishman residing at No. 49 Little Cadogan Place, Belgravia, London, took such a colossal work in hands, and is now bringing it to a successful termination. Several busy years of his life have been devoted to unwearied research in the archives of the British Museum and other learned institutions—hunting up documentary evidence for his interesting compilation, and gathering material for his biographies from any and every available and trustworthy source, the result being that we shall soon have the most comprehensive work ever yet published on the lives of the poets of Ireland. The first part of this biographical dictionary was issued half a year or so ago. The second, comprising names from F to M, is just out, and we are promised the third and final installment before the close of 1892. With the exception of, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty writers, Mr. O'Donoghue's gallery is, of course, composed of minor lights in the firmament of song. Many bards there are in his collection who either died young, before their talents could have matured, or who had to give up the pen in a field where literary abilities of any kind received little or no encouragement whatsoever. Under these conditions it would be impossible to expect that Ireland could produce any large number of poets of an exceptionally high order of merit, or even of verse writers whose budding reputation was more than provincial. As it is, any one carefully perusing this collection, will be surprised to find what a multitude of songsters of Irish birth or parentage have twittered sweet Irish melodies during the past hundred years or so, since the Irish tongue began to come really into contact with the Anglo-Saxon language. There was scarcely a parish within the four seas of Erin that had not its local band, tutored or untutored, polished or uncouth, who sang his ditties with all the spontaneity of a country linnet. The facility of rhyming is more remarkably conspicuous in the rural districts of Ireland than in those of any other country under the sun. In Munster more particularly this peculiar faculty used—at least up to a few years ago—assume the character and proportions of an almost general epidemic. I happened to know more than one of these "hayseed" troubadours who was accustomed to reply in rhyme to every question put them, and were just as curious characters in their way as the oddity referred to by the Latin poet who could stand on one foot for any determined period of time improvising verse at an almost incredible rate of speed.

INTERESTING LITERARY REVELATIONS.

Mr. O'Donoghue, treading, as he has done, the bye ways of biographical literature, has made several curious discoveries which are well worthy of notice. Some of these were probably already known to bibliophiles; but all or nearly all will be so many revelations to the general reading community. The fact that most of the public men of Ireland wrote verse at one period of their lives will surprise all students of current history, save and except those who know the inward workings of the Irish character, and its excusable weakness for verse making. In some cases these eminent men burned their effusions, lest the evil eye of a bilious critic might fall upon their MSS. Others, however, have not been ashamed to own and acknowledge the metrical essays that in the heyday of youth they penned amid surroundings that evoked all their fervor and enthusiasm. To these latter belongs Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., the present leader of the majority wing of the Irish party. Few persons would suspect to find in the staid, quiet and affable novelist of today the fiery soul that tempted him to write rebellious verse to the *Irishman* newspaper of 1849. Mr. O'Donoghue's little bird also confides to us the secret that Mr. McCarthy is the author of several political translations from Frolingroth and other German authors. His son, Justin H., is, however, an avowed poet, as his published volumes, "Hafiz in London," and "Serapion" demonstrate.

It will cause no less surprise even among Irish *literati* to be told that the illustrious sculptor, John Henry Foley, who executed with such success the statues of Burke, Goldsmith and O'Connell, wrote some exquisite verse in his moments of leisure. Other equally eminent Irishmen have been also discovered in secret flirtation with the muse by the argus eyes of our industrious and watchful compiler. Dr. Graves, the Protestant bishop of Limerick, is, it seems, not only an archaeologist but a verse writer into the bargain—having contributed various pieces of merit to *Kottabos*, the literary organ of Trinity College, Dublin. One of these, a sonnet to Wordsworth, was regarded in a very favorable light by competent critics—the great English poet himself having given it as his opinion that from an artistic point of view, and apart from its laudation of himself, the poem was a perfect gem. The bishop's sister, Clara Graves, who married the great German historian, Von Ranke, inherited the genius of her family, which in later days gave us a sweet lyrist in the person of Alfred Percival Graves, a notice of whom appeared in these pages some time ago. Another prelate, Dr. Lanigan, a native of Tippe ary and Catholic bishop of Goulburn, Australia, used to contribute glowing and patriotic stanzas to the old *Nation* towards the close of the forties under the pseudonym of "Alpha." One of the very few survivors of the Young Ireland poets is Dr. Ingram, librarian of Trinity College, president of the Royal Irish Academy, and author of "Who Fears to Speak of 98?" It is a mistake to assume that this poem is the only one of merit ever written by the learned doctor. Several of his sonnets in *Kottabos* and the *Spectator* were far above the average. Among the other well known figures in Irish history who indulged in symposia, so to speak, on Mount Parnassus, were Henry Grattan, the father of the old Irish parliament; Rev. Father Kenyon, a patriotic Young Irelander; Gen. William Lawless, who took part in the insurrection of '98, and who subsequently distinguished himself in the military service of France, and the late Judge Lawson of Dublin, who was an excellent Latin poet. To wind up this particular list I need only add the names of William Johnston of Ballykilbeg, the firebrand Orange fanatic, whose verses invariably celebrate the "victory of the Boyne," and the infamous '98 informer, Leonard McNally, who became a writer of farces in verse, after his hideous farce of national betrayal had been played and paid for.

LYRISTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. O'Donoghue has given us in this part of his volume a large number of names of Irishmen by birth or parentage who have written on Irish or other topics. The living bards on the other side of the Atlantic who hold a place in the pages of this book from F to M are for the most part new arrivals in the arena of poesy. There are, of course, among them such veterans as Denny Lane of Cork, a Young Ireland poet, who once penned some fine, stirring and racy ballads, and Michael Hogan, the "bard of Thomond," who, after having immortalized by his lays and legends the green banks of the lordly Shannon, has now dropped into the prosaic but possibly the more remunerative position of park janitor in the city of Limerick. Conspicuous among the "moderns" mentioned in the dictionary are Dr. Douglas Hyde, a graduate of Trinity, and one of the most distinguished of living Irish scholars, some of whose metrical translations from the old Connacht bards appeared quite recently in the columns of the *Pilot;* Mrs. John T. Gilbert, better known by her maiden name of Rose Mulholland, wife of a talented Dublin antiquarian, and sister-in-law of Sir Charles Russell, English attorney general; Miss Mary Furlong, an occasional contributor to the *Pilot* and *Irish Monthly;* Miss McCarthy, a cloistered nun, daughter of Dennis Florence McCarthy; Miss Anne Isabel Johnston of Belfast, a young lady of promising talents; Mr. John T. Kelly (Hy-Many), a fervid and impassioned lyrist; Edward Harding, a religious poet; Edmund Leamy, the able editor of *United Ireland,* and John G. McSweeny, who holds, or at least held some time ago, editorial control of the Dublin *Weekly Freeman.*

The bards of Irish birth or parentage, who are located on this side of the big fish-pond, are also referred to in this portion of the dictionary. Among them are the following; James Thomas Gallagher of Sligo, who recently settled down in New York, and took out his degree as a surgeon; Rowland B. Mahany of Buffalo, N. Y., Miss Louise Imogen Guiney of Boston, alluded to by the compiler as "one of the best American poetesses;" Miss Minnie Gilmore, also a native of Boston, the daughter of the celebrated band master, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, and authoress of "Pipes from Prairie Land;" John McGovern, editor of the now defunct *Current* of Chicago; and John J. McGinnis, of New York. Of course these writers embrace only the names found between F and M. In the first part of the volume other living Irish-American poets are included, as they will be in the part that is soon to be published.

The patronage which the Irish public are sure to extend to this biographical dictionary, as well as the support they are giving Charles Gavan Duffy, are happy signs and omens that we are within measurable distance of a new glorious era in the annals of Irish literature. After years of intellectual sterility, Ireland once more is on the eve of sowing seeds of thought, and reaping a harvest of literary glory before which the magnificent record of the Young Irelanders themselves might possibly fade into insignificance. It remains now for the young men of the country, who have the talent to write and the grit and ambition to succeed, to create an Irish literature of today which will be an honor and a credit to their race both at home and abroad. EUGENE DAVIS.

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OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK O'NEILL.

Mr. Patrick O'Neill died at his late residence, No. 913 South Halsted street, on Friday evening, Dec. 9, at the comparatively early age of 52 years. Mr. O'Neill has long been a sufferer from the ailment to which he at last succumbed, sciatic rheumatism. The funeral occurred from his late residence to the Sacred Heart church, on Sunday morning when high mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father Tcheeters, who delivered an eloquent discourse, in which he paid just tribute to the virtues of the deceased. After the services the remains were again borne to the hearse and escorted by a long line of carriages to the Northwestern depot, thence by cars to Calvary cemetery. Mr. O'Neill was born in the county Kilkenny, Ireland, and came to this country about thirty years ago. He had been in business on the West Side for about twenty-five years, with the exception of four years he served as deputy collector of internal revenue under the Cleveland administration. His kind and generous disposition won for him hosts of friends throughout the city, to which the large attendance at his funeral, there being about 250 carriages in line, bore testimony. Among those in attendance were noticed ex-Senator Cloonan, Ald. Murphy, Ald. Cooke, Mr. Loeffler, West Town assessor, T. Ryan, Ald. John Powers, Ald. Michael O'Brien, Hon. B. Conway, Hon. H. Carmody. Mr. O'Neill leaves a family of four girls and two boys who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their sad bereavement.

MR. JAMES CLINE.

Mr. James Cline, nephew of the popular and patriotic Cline brothers of this city, and born of a family always zealous in the cause of Irish nationality, died at his home, No. 748 Thirty-first street, on the 16th inst., after suffering a long time from consumption. Mr. Cline left this city for Los Angeles, Cal., three years ago, in search of health, but the insidious disease had progressed too far, and he returned here in June in the last stages of the malady. He was a fine athletic man of five and twenty years, and his premature taking off is a sad blow to his relatives and many warm personal friends. The funeral occurred from the house to St. Bridget's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated, on the morning of the 18th inst., and the remains were subsequently escorted to Mt. Olivet cemetery by a large cortege. Mr. Cline was a native of the county Roscommon, Ireland, and had been in America about seven years. During his stay in Chicago, he was prominently identified with every movement organized for the benefit of his native land. *Requiescat in pace.*

MR. JAMES P. M'KENNA.

Mr. James P. McKenna, No. 5229 Wentworth avenue, died suddenly at the Rock Island car shops, where he was engaged as a carpenter, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. He was an exemplary citizen, a true Irish patriot, a fond father and husband. His death was occasioned by some form of heart disease. Mr. McKenna leaves a widow and eight children, the latter mostly of tender age. He was only in his 47th year, and the shock to his family is severe. The funeral occurred on the 17th inst. to St. Anne's church. Rev. Father Flannigan preached an affecting sermon. The interment was at Mt. Olivet.

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The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these States a center of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the States, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued).

Our trials approached. They were to be before special juries, struck by the process I have before described. O'Brien and Meagher were first tried; and as their "sedition" had been so open and avowed,—and as the Whig government was extremely reluctant to pack juries if they could help it,—the Crown officers left on each of the two juries one Repealer. It was enough. A true Repealer knew that no Irishman could commit any offence against a foreign Queen; and in each case the one Repealer stood out, refused to convict, though he should be starved to death; and the traversers, amidst cheering multitudes, were escorted triumphantly from the Four Courts to the Confederate Committee Rooms, where they addressed the people, and promised to repeat and improve upon all their seditions. The excitement of the country was intense. The defeat of the "Government" was celebrated all over the country by bonfires and illuminations, and the clubs became more diligent in arming themselves; but Mr. Monahan, the Attorney-General, foamed and raged. Not only the British Empire and the cause of general civilization, but, what was more important, the great cause of Monahan against the world was in danger.

My two trials were still to take place. It was plain to the enemy that there must be no failure here. The *United Irishman* was, by this time, by far the most widely circulated paper in Ireland. It was read in all military and police-barracks,—was clubbed for in all parishes,—and duly read on Sundays to eager crowds in all chapel yards. It was in vain our enemy attempted to frighten the agents who sold it. One of them, in Enniskillen, had written that the police of that town had come into his shop and threatened him. I had published his letter, and taunted the "Government" with trying to intimidate mere tradesmen, while they suffered the principal offender to go unpunished. They caused club-men to be arrested and marched through the streets to jail, on charges of practicing with rifles, or giving or receiving military instructions;—and I demanded to know why those humble men had been treated as common felons, while O'Brien, Meagher, and myself had been politely visited by a magistrate, and blandly requested to come and give bail. The policy of the "Government" at this time I would characterize,—if I had not set out with the determination of narrating facts only, and using no abusive epithets,—as mean beyond all description. Police magistrates were ordered to arrest parties of young men practicing at targets in the neighborhood of country towns, and march them into custody through the streets. Men in Dublin were seized upon and dragged to jail on the charge of saying "halt" to the club-men marching to a public meeting;—it was "training in military evolutions" under the Act;—and one young man was actually brought to trial and transported for seven years, on an indictment charging him, for that he had, in a private room in Dublin (not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved by the instigation of the devil), said to thirteen other young men, then and there ranged in line, these fatal words, "Right shoulders forward,"—contrary to the peace of our lady the Queen, and so forth.

On the 4th of May, at Thurles Quarter Sessions, in Tipperary, one Michael Gilfoyle was tried before the county judge appointed by the Crown, of course, for having a pike in his possession, contrary to an Act just passed prohibiting such articles. The "pike" was produced; it was a hay-fork with two prongs, such as is generally used in Ireland, but rather longer, stronger, and sharper in the prongs, than the police thought it prudent to let men turn hay withal. In fact, it was made upon a plan recommended by the *United Irishman,* as an improved kind of fork for saving the crop,—inasmuch as it would turn over, not only a truss of hay, but a policeman, bailiff, or dragoon. Mr. Howley, the county judge, in passing sentence of one year's imprisonment for this offence, took occasion to remark that the instrument was manifestly not intended for agricultural operations, but for civil war, and "was originated by the wicked advices of the *United Irishman.*" He further expressed a hope that, when the finding of his Thurles jury (that a fork is a pike), should come to the ears of the writers in that incendiary publication, "perhaps it would have the effect of checking their insane career." In short, it was absolutely necessary to crush the incendiary publication, and that without delay.

The day arrived for striking the special juries for my two trials, on the charge of sedition; and I attended in the Crown office with my counsel. The Sheriff's clerk brought in the box purporting to contain cards having the names of all the special jurors of the city of Dublin; from which forty-eight names were to be drawn. The Crown officer blandly asked us whether we were satisfied that the box contained all the names,—a question which had never been answered in that office otherwise than in the affirmative. The Crown lawyers, therefore, and officials were surprised when I answered "No: I am not satisfied: I admit nothing: juries are packed here: I must see all the cards." The Queen's lawyers strongly objected to this course, and urged the officer to proceed to draw the names. After some time, he announced to me that such a question had never been raised before,—that he could not go out of the usual course,—that he would proceed with the business. Then I put on my hat, and said to Sir Colman O'Loghlen and Mr. O'Hagan, my counsel, "Come, then;—we cannot, even by our presence, countenance such a transaction as this: let us go; and they may make much of their jury." We went away. The matter was immediately reported to the Judges, then sitting in the Queen's Bench; and Judge Perrin (the same who had been so scandalized at the packing of juries before), instantly ordered the officer to send for me, and count and compare the cards before me, though it should occupy all night. This was accordingly done. If there had been any villainy practiced in the Sheriff's office, it had been rectified in the meantime. The two juries were struck; and it was instantly evident on each of them would be men who would never convict me of any offence whatever against a foreign sovereign. The juries, in fact, were more favorable than those which had failed to do the Queen's business in the cases of O'Brien and Meagher; inasmuch as it was sure there would be two or three on each who desired the independence of their country. The enemy dared not go to trial with me before these juries. But what to do? Every week was heightening the spirit of the people, and increasing the number of pikes and rifles in the hands of the peasantry. The *United Irishman* had also forced the *Nation* to adopt the insurrectionary policy, and to publish plain instructions on pike-exercise, and the like,—or else go unread. Lord Clarendon was impatient; Birch, doubtless, was alarmed for "Law and Order;" and Monahan trembled for his due promotion. So they cut the matter short.

The scene at the Crown Office was on the 12th of May. The next day the "Government" abandoned two prosecutions for sedition; and, about five o'clock in the evening, certain members of the detective police beset my house;—one of them entered and arrested me on a charge of felony under the new Act. There was no difficulty in finding overt acts; for every week's *United Irishman* contained as much of that saving doctrine which they called treason, as its sixteen pages would hold.

The arrest did not surprise me. It would have been easy for me to keep out of the way, or fly the country; but I was resolved to try conclusions with the "Whig" government in the matter of juries; knowing that they must either pack their jury so stringently as never was jury in this world, or I would obtain such a victory as would soon make the island untenable to them. Do not forget the speeches of Lord John Russell and Mr. Macaulay, denouncing all jury-packing, which I quoted before. Both of these men were now Ministers of the Queen.

For the next two weeks, awaiting the result of this trial, all things stood still in Ireland, except the famine, and the "Addresses of Confidence" from landlords, and the typhus fever, and the clearing of estates, and the wail of the Banshee.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CONCERTS OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

The programme for the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium, Friday matinee and Saturday evening, Dec. 23 and 24, will consist wholly of a collection of the most popular compositions of Richard Wagner. Mr. Thomas has arranged the programme in response to innumerable requests from residents of the city and environs, a fact which assures a brilliant close of a year of superb and successful musical entertainment in this noble temple of art. The season will be resumed on Jan. 20 and 21. The soloists engaged for this week's concerts are Frau Martha Werbke-Buckard and Geo. E. Holmes; and the programme will be:

"Flying Dutchman:" *a,* Overture; *b,* Aria. "The Term's Expired;" *c,* Ballade. Senta. "Yo-ho;" *d,* Duo. "Like a Vision."

Tristan and Isolide: *a,* Overture; *b,* Aria. "Dich Theure Halle."

Walkure: *a,* "Ride of the Walkyres;" *b,* "Wotan's Farewell;" *c,* "Magic Fire Scene."

"KILLARNEY"—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL IRISH PLAYS.

Miss Katie Emmett, who is well known in this city, will present during New Year's week a new Irish play, entitled "Killarney." It will be given at the Haymarket theatre on the West Side, and will undoubtedly draw large houses, as the attraction is said to be the best of its kind that has ever visited this city. It has the merit of being quite original in style, as it is without the usual features of the ordinary Irish drama, and it is superbly mounted with magnificent scenery painted from photographs and sketches of the lakes of Killarney, in which all the principal points of interest are shown during the progress of the play. It is costumed in grand style, after the picturesque fashion of the period, and it will be given with the strongest company that has ever appeared in an Irish play. Among the members of the company are many artists who have been seen in leading theatres here starring at the head of their own companies. Miss Emmett is well known as a capable any clever actress, who has a nice singing voice, is as pretty as a picture on the stage, dances exceedingly well and, being an Irish girl, has the brogue naturally. She has a modest way about her that wins for her the sympathy of the audience as soon as she appears on the stage. "Killarney" has been written with a view of fitting her peculiar talents, and it is said to display them to the best advantage. The *Western Watchman* of St. Louis, says of the performance: "The impression left is that of a beautiful poem. All the coloring of the scenery is delicate and dainty, the old chapel being a perfect dream. The costuming is superb, and we have never seen a company of such even quality and great strength in any Irish drama, and in few plays of any description. Miss Emmett is an ideal Irish colleen; pretty, sweet, and with just enough of a dash of sauciness in her work to spice the characterization and give it a flavor fit for the appetite of any dramatic epicure. In fact, she has all the racy touch of the Irish lass on her native sod, and from her very first entrance upon the stage, carries the audience with her, and the older heads breathe once more the soft sweet air of their native hills with the scent of the heather borne upon it as they watch her and listen to the familiar accents of the Irish lass before them."

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

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Exclusive designs in Sterling Silver at Peacock's, State and Washington.

FIRST-CLASS BREWING FIRMS.

Only the very best brands of beer made in this country are advertised in THE CITIZEN. Attention is directed to the advertisements of the Keeley Brewing Company, the Cooke Brewing Company, the Conrad Seipp Brewing Company, the McAvoy Brewing Company, and the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company, in our advertising columns. People who deal with the firms mentioned are certain of getting a superior article for general consumption, or for table use.

Literary Notes.

What would you do if you were a stranger in London, with no money except a million-pound bank-note in your pocket, and some good reasons why you were afraid to go to the Bank of England and get it changed? This is the theme of Mark Twain's story, "The £1,000,000 Bank Note," which will be printed in the January *Century.*

Keep off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in ambush is a more dangerous antagonist than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and faver, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symtoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round-house and machine shops; employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

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We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAWN OF THE TWENTY-THIRD OF OCTOBER, 1641.

"Hark! heard'st that shout that rang without?
ye ministers of ill.
Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet
you've time to kill!
I dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves! then where-
fore do you pause?
My blood shall rouse the Southern clans, though
prostrate is our cause!

For as the Resurrection flower, though withered
many a year,
Blooms fresh, and bright, and fair again, when
watered with a tear,
nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's
ruddy tide,
or sons shall say—the Nation lived when Hugh
MacMahon died."

Forth through the streets of Dublin went Owen O'Connolly, after escaping from the neighborhood of McMahon's lodgings, and from the surveillance of Edmund O'Tracy—forth in the dirt, and the darkness, and the rain, stumbling onward blindly through the inclement night. It was not until he had gone a considerable distance that he ventured to abate his eager though shambling speed. Then, steadying himself against a wall in the dark shadow of an archway, he essayed to reconsider the events of the night, and to concentrate his faculties on the next step to be taken, viz., to seek the lords justices, and lay before them the plot of the intended Irish insurrection. It was a cold design, though a treacherous one. It would bring down upon him the curses and hatred of by far the greater number of his countrymen; it would deliver his own foster brother, the man who had grown up along with him in the same house, and who was endeared to him by a thousand ties and memories, into the hands of the executioner, and it would rivet faster the chains, and redouble the scourges, of his wretched country. What mattered it? It would, on the other hand, line his pocket with gold, and render him famous among the English element as the preserver of English rule in Ireland. It would give him revenge, too, on the man who had insulted him tonight. Yes, it was a fine, daring, ambitious scheme, and he would carry it out.

Small thought did he throw away on the means by which he had rid himself of the young man appointed to watch him—on the murderous blow, with a mattock ready to his hand, which he had dealt Edmund O'Tracy, leaving him insensible, and, for aught he knew, dead in the kennel.

There was a violent struggle raging in O'Connolly's brain as he contemplated the work of the informer. Earnestly and anxiously he strove to deliberate on the statement he should make before the lords justices, but in vain. The fiery liquor he had drunk so freely in MacMahon's lodgings was disarming his cunning and scattering his reasoning powers to the winds. Every moment, to his alarm, he felt his brain becoming more misty and muddled, while he was fast losing control of his nether limbs. A little longer and he should be as "drunk and incapable" as the veriest bacchanal, and as harmless as the most apprehensive of the conspirators might desire.

In this dilemma he determined to make for the residence of the lords justices without further delay. Leaving the shelter of the archway, on again he went through the dark streets, lurching, staggering, slipping at almost every step, now groping his way around a house corner, now hurrying forward in a blind, tottering run. Once he fell over a group of houseless unfortunates, huddled for shelter in a black nook of the street. Once he thought he heard the sound of pursuing footsteps, and he stood panting, skian in hand, behind a wooden pillar for a few moments, his blinking eyes vainly striving to pierce the thick darkness. Again, as he reached the opening of a street, his eyes caught the glare of lanterns, and two night watchmen sprang forward and crossed their halberds to arrest his progress. He wildly dashed through them, and dived into a dark, intricate passage, where with difficulty he escaped them.

At length he reached his destination. The dark portals of Chichester House—on the site of the present Bank of Ireland—rose before him. With little hesitation he ascended the steps and knocked loudly on the oaken panels of the great door. After some time there was a noise of bolts and chains, and a creaking of hinges as the door opened. A surly sentinel demanded O'Connolly's business.

"My business lies with the lords justices," replied the latter in such a husky and broken voice that his interrogator stared, saying:

"Say rather with the tapster. Begone, you drunken loon," he added, about to slam the door in O'Connolly's face, "and be thankful that you are not made to pay dearly for mistaking Chichester House for a tavern. My faith," grumbled the speaker, "I've seen men's tongues bored at the pillory for a less offence than this."

"How now, Dixon?" said an officer, approaching;—"who knocks so late?"

"A drunken roysterer, captain," was the answer, "who deserves the stocks for his impudence."

"No, captain, no," said O'Connolly, raising and clearing his voice as well as he was able; "I come on a matter of life or death. There's a bloody plot laid—the papists are at work—there is murder and treason afoot. I must see their Excellencies."

The officer looked only a trifle surprised. Rumors and reports of papist plots were too common to excite much alarm. However, he admitted the new informer, and proceeded to sound him, and as he gathered the details of his disconnected story, he became convinced that the man, notwithstanding his drunkenness, was talking truth. Leaving him in an ante-room, swaying to and fro on his seat, he sought the bedchamber of Sir William Parsons, and poured the alarming disclosure into the ears of the startled lord justice. Shortly afterwards Sir William, in nightcap and dressing-gown, was himself listening to O'Connolly's confused and rambling narrative from that individual's own lips. It was scarcely finished when the informer's head sank on his breast, and, falling from his seat, he lay stretched on the floor helpless as a log.

"Put the drunken fellow to bed until he sobers," said Parsons;—"and, hark ye, send at once for Sir John Borlace. This business is more weighty than we take it."

Parsons' colleague in the government of Ireland soon arrived. Sir John Borlace, master of the ordnance, a rough, puritanical soldier, whom the voice of fanaticism had compelled the king many months before to make lord justice instead of a Liberal Protestant, Robert, Lord Dillon, who had then held the office. Parsons himself had been in Strafford's time master of the infamous Court of Wards, by which the heirs of Catholic gentlemen were seized and reared up in the Protestant religion, and the revenues of their estates frittered away among a rabble of escheators, feudatories, pursuivants, and other minions of the law, and was universally hated by the Irish. Both men were noted for their meanness, narrow-mindedness, and violent bigotry, and were besides two of the most cruel and merciless governors that ever scourged unhappy Ireland.

Immediately the council was summoned; orders were sent forth to shut the city gates, and make instant search for the conspirators. The Castle was put into a state of defense, Sir Francis Willoughby, the governor of Galway, who had arrived in Dublin the previous evening, being appointed its governor. Sir Charles Coote—one of the greatest monsters of history—was made governor of Dublin; and the Earl of Ormond was sent for to Carrick-on-Suir, where he was stationed with his troop.

So through the small hours of the night sat the lords justices and the council, deliberating, doubting, suggesting, waiting for what might come next

"Compare this," said Borlace "with the notice of his Majesty sent us through Secretary Vane in March last, to the effect that his minister in Spain observed strange preparations among the Irish there. Compare it also with the message we received five days hence from Sir William Cole, of Enniskillen, saying he was informed by one Brian Maguire of an intended papist rebellion. Believe me, my brethren, we are on the brink of a gulf of treason and bloodshed; but we shall not 'bear the sword in vain!'"

Five o'clock chimed. Ho, a prisoner! In before the council he was led, his arms strongly bound with cords. The captive walked with a manly, soldierly step, and bore himself with proud and courageous mien. The light of the numerous torches in the hands of the soldiers filling the chamber, fell on the manly countenance of Col. Hugh MacMahon, for it was he. He had been taken in his lodgings in Oxmantown, near the King's Inns. Closely and eagerly the council questioned him, endeavoring to glean a further knowledge of the papist plot; but fearlessly and with a kindling eye the brave man confronted the array of his enemies, and laughed at their threats of torture and death.

"Aye, come on," he said; "wreak your vengeance to the utmost on me! Hither with the rack and the thumbscrew; spare ye not the gibbet nor the axe! Yes, why pause ye? I am a traitor, if ye will, and I glory in my treason! I will die content, in the sure belief that my friends will amply avenge my death and the wrongs of my country. A river of Sassenach blood shall atone for the persecutions of centuries. Ha, the avengers are already at work! The gray light of morning shines in the East; the grand day of Eire's liberty is dawning. Tremble, tyrants that ye are, for a nation is rising to crush you into the earth!"

MacMahon spoke the truth. The curtain was up, and the first act of the drama—or rather tragedy—of the Irish insurrection was going on.

It is high time to return to our hero. For more than a week after receiving the treacherous wound from O'Connolly, he lay almost as one dead. A doctor attended him daily—a mild, patient, white haired man, who came and went like a shadow. His was the first countenance that met Edmund O'Tracy's gaze when, with his head swathed in bandages, and limbs feeble as a child's, he awoke as if from a long, troubled sleep—awoke to feel the old physician's hand laid gently on his brow, and to see his mild gray eyes gazing thoughtfully into his own.

"Where am I?"—a usual query—was our hero's first exclamation.

"In good quarters—very good quarters, my dear," said the doctor, with a grave smile;—"but hush! we mustn't talk for some time yet."

"But Col. Plunket, and Col. MacMahon, and—and—" continued the patient, not to be repressed.

"We will talk of them tomorrow," was the reply.

Edmund sank back on his pillow, and as he did so a sudden twinge of pain shot through the wound in his head. He feebly raised his hand, and on feeling the bandages expressed his surprise.

"I have been wounded?"

"You have, my dear—dangerously wounded: but, with heaven's help, it will not signify, and in a little while you will be on your feet again, as well as ever—that is, if you will be quiet, as I bid you."

Edmund pressed the medical attendant with no more questions, and after some time the latter departed. Resigning himself to his thoughts, the patient endeavored to recall the meeting in MacMahon's lodgings, and the incidents attending it. He collected O'Connolly's riotous conduct, and his accompanying that individual to the inn yard, and then—chaos? His gaze then wandered over the walls of the chamber in which he was lying—a neat, comfortable little room, in which, to his recollection, he had never been before. He was vainly trying to form a surmise as to his whereabouts, when the door opened, and a pleasant-faced little woman of matronly appearance gilded noiselessly into the room. She gave a slight start of surprise on meeting the eyes of the invalid fixed on her; and then, drawing a chair to the side of the bed, sat down and began to knit assiduously.

"Dear madam," he feebly entreated, "will you kindly tell me where I am?"

"I am glad to see my son so much better today," she remarked, in a way that at once warmed his heart towards her. "But you have been very ill, and must keep quiet. Be sure, you are in good hands."

"Whose house is this?" he inquired.

"This house belongs to Mr. Plunket, my husband. It is in the Bridge street;—I suppose you did not know in what part of the city you were. You were carried here about a week ago from a house in Oxmantown, where you were severely wounded in the head."

"And I have been a week here? May heaven reward you, madam, for your kindness to a poor wounded stranger!"

"You were sent here by our friend, Colonel Plunket, who directed that you should be treated with the greatest care and attention; and we have been only too glad of an opportunity to do a Christian service, such as anybody might have done.

"Where is the Colonel now?"

"Why, gone—fled out of the city."

He started violently on his couch, and would have sat bolt upright had not his nurse gently restrained him.

The attack on the Castle," he feverishly demanded;—"has it succeeded?"

"Bless you, no;—there was no attack. Lord Maguire, and a Col. MacMahon, and about thirty others were arrested on the night you were wounded, or on the morning after, but Colonel Plunket got safely away into the country. Ever since, my son, there has been sad work going on in both town and country, and terrible doings, in the North, as far as I can hear of them. But you'll hear of it all when you get better."

The disappointment occasioned in Edmund's heart by these words was a bitter one. So, then, all had failed; the English flag still waved over the battlements of Dublin Castle; his friends were captives or fugitives; and here he lay, helpless and alone, in the midst of the enemy, liable to be seized at any moment, and hanged or imprisoned as a traitor.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Chuir sé i bpota beag é, agus beagán uisge air agus leag sé air an teine é go raibh an t-uisge ag fiuchadh, agus ann sin do ghlac sé cupán agus lion sé leath suas leis an t-súgh é, agus chuir sé chum a bhéil féin é. Tháinig sé ann a cheann ann sin gur nimh do bhí ann, b'eidir, agus go raibh na daoine maithe ag cur cathuighthe air é féin do mbarbhadh leis an g-cleas, nó an caillin do chur chum báis gan fhios dó.

Chuir sé an cupán síos aris, agus thóg sé cúpla braon air bhárr a mhéir agus chuir sé ann a bheul iad. Ni raibh siad searbh, agus go deimhin bhí blas mhilis taithneamhach orra. Bhí sé nios dána ann sin agus d'ól sé lán meuracáin de, agus ann sin an oiread eile, agus nior sguir sé dhe go raibh leath an chupáin ólta aige. Thuit sé 'nna chodladh ann sin agus nior dhúisigh sé go dtí an oidhche, agus bhí tart agus ocaras mór air.

B'éigin dó fanamhaint ann sin no gur éirigh an lá, acht chuir sé roimhe, chomh luath agus dhúiseóchadh sé air maidin, go rachadh sé go h-inghin an Righ agus go dtiúbhradh sé deoch di de shúgh na luibhe.

Chomh luath agus d'éirigh sé air maidin, chuaidh sé anonn go teach an t-sagairt leis an dígh ann a láimh, agus nior mhothaigh sé é féin ariamh chomh gasta, gaisgeamhail, aigiontach, eudtrom, agus do dhí sé an lá sin; agus bhí sé fíor-chinnte gurb' é an deoch d' ól sé do rinne chomh tapa agus chomh croidbeamhail é.

Nuair tháinig sé chum an tighe fuair sé an sagart agus an óig-bhean astigh, agus bhí iongantas mór orra cad é an t-ádhbhar nach dtáinig sé air cuairt chuca le dhá lá.

D'innis sé a sgeul agus a nuaidheacht dóibh, agus dubhairt sé go raibh sé cinnte go raibh brigh mhór annsan luibh sin, agus nach ndeunfadh sé aon dochar do'n mhnaoi-uasail, mar d'feuch sé féin é, agus fuair sé maith as, agus ann sin chuir d' fhiachaibh uirri a bhlasadh, mar thug sé a mhóid agus a mhionna nach raibh aon urchóid ann. Thug an sagart congnamh dhó, agus eatorra fuair siad buaidh air an óg-mhnaoi agus thaisbéan sí go raibh sí toilteanach le n-a ól.

Sheachaid Goillis an cupán dí, agus d' ól sí a leath agus ann sin thuit sí air a leabuidh agus tháinig codladh trom uirri agus nior dhúisigh sí as an geodladh sin go dtí an lá air n-a mhárach.

Shuidh Goillis agus an sagart suas an oidheche iomlán léithe, ag fanamhaint no go ndúiseóchadh sí, agus iad eidir dóthchas agus cudóthchas, eidir shúil le n-a slánughadh agus faitchios faoi n-a gortughadh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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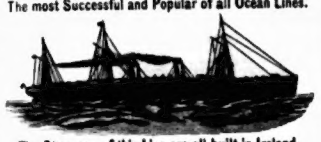

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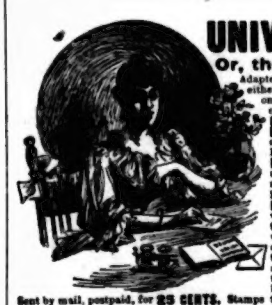

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CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

More Government Employes To Be Under Its Protection.

PLAN OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Protracted Consultations with Various Heads of Departments to Ascertain What Class of Employes Will Come Under His Proposed Order — A Matter Which, It Is Said, Will Please President-Elect Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—President Harrison is preparing to put into practice immediately the plan which he has long had in mind, of extending the protection of civil service law to a large class of employes who are not now under its jurisdiction. Within the past few days the president has held protracted consultations with the various heads of departments with a view to ascertaining what class of employes under each of them it is advisable to bring within the terms of his coming order. There has been some criticism of this contemplated action of the president, it being held by many that he should not embarrass the in-coming president by making it necessary for him to accept as a part of his administration a lot of officials who, for the most part, are Republicans.

Cleveland Will Be Gratified.

Friends of the president, however, claim that Mr. Cleveland will be gratified by the forthcoming order, as it will relieve him of a large share of the burden that is always placed upon a newly elected president by the army of office seekers. It is added, moreover, in behalf of President Harrison that he took occasion to learn Mr. Cleveland's sentiments on the patronage question before deciding to distinguish the remaining days of his administration by throwing the mantle of the civil service law over a large number of employes and thus making them pensioners for life. It is thought that the views of Mr. Cleveland are expressed in the series of joint resolutions which Representative Andrew of Massachusetts offered in the house last Saturday and which this distinguished young man is warmly defending in the public prints.

Andrew's Resolutions.

Mr. Andrew's resolutions, three in number, request the president to frame rules as soon as may be providing that all appointments as heads of divisions in the various departments of the government be made by promotions of the employes already in the civil sesvice, and also that the rules be extended to custom houses having twenty-five or more employes, and to letter carriers at all free delivery offices. Mr. Andrew says in regard to the immediate application of the rules to those three classes of employes that he can see no reason why President Harrison should not be cordially sustained by sincere civil service reformers if he is willing to make the extensions, and Mr. Andrew, as a Democrat, is willing to show that he will sustain him.

Removals for Proper Cause.

There is nothing in the civil service act to prevent the romoval of any official in either class who is incompetent or who has been guilty of a degree of partisanship which unfits him to be the faithful servant of the whole people. Removals for proper cause can be made without restriction, whether the rules are in force or not, and the difference will consist in the way in which the vacancies are filled. Mr Andrew says that he has confidence enough in the intelligence of Democratic voters to believe that they will get their full share of places by passing the civil service examination. The three reforms which he urges, moreover, have been several times recommended by the civil service commission, and President Cleveland would probably have made them if he had remained long enough in office.

Cleveland Not Deterred.

Mr. Cleveland was not deterred by the fact that a doubtful election was approaching from making a considerable extension of the rules in July, 1888, and he said at the time that, in his opinion, the presidential term did not end until March 4, and there was no reason why he should not do a thing which was right in itself during the last few months of his administration as much as during the first few months. Mr. Andrew says he does not know whether his resolutions will be adopted by the house or not. If they are introduced in the senate, as he has reason to believe they will be, their mere introduction will accomplish a large part of what he wishes in showing that senators and representatives of both parties are cordially in favor of extending the civil service rules.

IS HOLDING HIS OWN.

Ex-Secretary Blaine Had a Good Night's Rest and Shows It.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Mr. Blaine has held the improvement which was noted in his condition Monday morning. He rested well during the night, entered on the morning refreshed and consequently is better prepared to a very slight degree to resist the ravages of the disease which has brought him face to face with death. To this extent there is encouragment for the family and the host of friends of the stricken statesman. The malady is organic, however, and in the nature of things must grow worse with time. The callers at the house Tuesday morning were informed by the man at the door that "Mr. Blaine had passed a very comfortable night and was resting easily."

What Dr. Johnson Says.

Dr. Johnson visited Mr. Blaine about 9 o'clock and remained a short time. At 10 o'clock he summarized the condition of Mr. Blaine by saying: "Mr. Blaine is as well as he was Monday morning and seems refreshed after a good night's rest." He added in answer to a question that Mr. Blaine had no trouble about sleeping. He declined to go into any statement with reference to the disease, but said that it was not from any desire to conceal the condition of Mr. Blaine, but because of the personal feeling of the family. The doctor again stated that there was no basis whatever for the report that Mr. Blaine had been seized with a hemorrhage, and could not account for the starting of such a report. He added that there had been no attempt to conceal anything from the public as to the real condition of Mr. Blaine.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The concurrent resolution for the holiday recess was laid over in the senate Tuesday without action on objection from Sherman. That senator introduced a bill to extend to the North Pacific ocean the provisions of the statutes for the protection of fur seals and other fur bearing animals; and it was referred to the committee on foreign relations. A resolution for the assembling of the two houses Wednesday, Feb. 8, to witness the count of the electoral votes was offered by Teller and referred to the committee on privileges and elections.

Condition of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20. — Chairman Springer of the sub-committee appointed by the ways and means committee to investigate the condition of the treasury, Tuesday sent a brief letter to Secretary Foster of the treasury department, in accordance with instructions from the sub-committee, transmitting the resolution under which the inquiry is authorized. In the letter Springer requested that the statement of receipts and expenditures called for by the resolution should cover the current and past fiscal year, and he also requested that the secretary should transmit the information desired not later than the 31st inst.

Drafts for Souvenir Coins.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Secretary Charles Foster Monday advised the World's Columbian exposition that he had transmitted to the first auditor of the treasury vouchers in favor of the exposition for $358,500, which will cover all the souvenir coins minted up to Dec. 22.

General Rosecrans Better.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—General Rosecrans continues to improve, and felt so well Monday that he accompanied his son-in-law, Governor Toole of Montana, to the railroad station. The general hopes to leave the city for southern California next week.

Holman Opposed to It.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Judge Holman does not hesitate to announce his determined opposition to the Nicaragua canal scheme. That measure, he says, will be antagonized in the house without regard to any action the senate may take.

YOUTHFUL WISCONSIN BANDIT.

He Kills a Farmer Neighbor and Takes Possession of His House.

OGEMA, Dec. 20.—A terrible tragedy has just been unearthed in the town of Brannan, about ten miles from here. John Anderson, 14 years old, son of Mauritz Anderson, ran away from home about two weeks ago and took a brother aged 10, and his father's dog and a gun with him. They went to the house of a neighboring farmer, Marcus Homfeld, a settler living alone. John proposed to his brother that when Homfeld came home in the evening that they kill him and live in the house all winter in true robber style.

Shot Homfeld Dead.

In accordance with that plan the older brother hid himself behind a haystack and when Homfeld came put two charges of buckshot into his head, covered his body with hay and proceeded to take possession. Two weeks afterward—last Saturday—a brother-in-law of Homfeld came to the house and found the boys there. They told him Homfeld was in the woods looking after his traps. He waited until Sunday morning and then went home, taking the younger boy with him. Arriving home he questioned the little boy and drew the whole story out of him. A party was organized and on arrival on the scene of the murder the assassin had gone. They followed the tracks through the woods toward the Sac railway. Fears are entertained that the desperate boy will shoot one or two of his pursuers, as he is well armed.

Hunting the Mexican Bandits.

GALVESTON, Tex., Dec. 20.—A special from San Antonio to The News says: General Frank Wheaton, commander of this military department, has received telegrams from Fort McIntosh stating that all troops of the Third cavalry are now in the field, scouting for the Mexican bandits. Troops C, G and A have been out five days and nothing has been heard from them since that time. They are more than one hundred miles distant from any railroad or telegraph line. Troop C, under the command of First Lieutenant H. B. West, was last heard from two days ago. He was then a few miles below Carrizo on the trail of the outlaws.

Explosion at a Fuse Factory.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 20.—The village of Hop Meadow, in the town of Simsbury, was shaken by four successive explosions Monday afternoon. The Ensign Bickford Fuse factory had blown up. The employes of the fuse factory are twelve or fourteen girls who tend the fuse machines, the dryer tender, and two or three other men who handle the powder. They were all at work when the explosion occurred and none escaped injury, although no one was killed outright. Miss Hattie Holcomb was the most seriously hurt, being dug out of the debris in an almost lifeless condition.

Trial of Commander Johnson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—The court-martial trial of Commander Johnson, charged with having grounded the United States steamer Mohican in Alaskan waters, was concluded Tuesday. The general opinion is that the commander will be exonerated. The findings of the court will not be made known until they have been approved by Secretary Tracy.

Stamboul Sold for $41,000.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—The celebrated trotting stallion, Stamboul, 2:07¼, the property of the late Walter S. Hobart of the Hobart farm, San Mateo, Cal., was sold at auction at the American Institute building Tuesday morning for $41,000. The purchaser was D. H. Harriman, the banker of this city, who owns a farm in Orange county.

Gave Bonds for Appearance.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—Nearly all of the defendants included in the warrants sworn out against Edward Corrigan and his associates at the Hawthorne race track, charging them with operating a gambling resort, appeared in Justice Bradwell's court Tuesday morning and gave bonds for $200 each. The cases were set for trial Dec. 30.

Notified That They Will be Cardinals.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—The Most Rev. Michael Logue, Roman Catholic archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, and the Most Rev. William Vaughan, archbishop of Westminster, have received letters notifying them they will be made cardinals at the coming papal consistory.

Rothschild Has a Close Call.

PARIS, Dec. 20.—While Alphonse de Rothschild was hunting near Ferriere in Allier his companion's gun went off accidentally, and the bullet cut a furrow in his right cheek, just below the eye. The surgeon who dressed the wound says there is no immediate danger of blindness.

ST. LOUIS SENSATION.

Alleged Forgery, Robbery, Fire, and Suicide.

FLAMES IN THE TREASURER'S OFFICE

The Vault Forced Open and a Quantity of Papers Taken from It and Burned on a Table—When the Fire Is Discovered and Put Out the Son of City Treasurer Foerstel Takes His Own Life—A Conjecture as to the Cause of the Deed.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 19.—Suicide, robbery, fire and alleged forgery all play a part in a sensation in which City Treasurer Foerstel is concerned, and to which is probably due the melancholy death, by his own hand, of Ed Foerstel, the treasurer's son and assistant. About 3 o'clock Monday morning fire was discovered in the city treasurer's office in the city hall. The fire department responded and the fire was soon extinguished. Then it was discovered that the vault of the city treasurer was open and that a quantity of papers had been taken from the vault and placed on a table in the treasurer's office and set on fire, which was the occasion for the alarm. There was a hole near the vault, calculated to leave the impression that the vault had been burglarized. About the time the discovery was made news reached the city hall that young Ed Foerstel, son of City Treasurer Foerstel, had committed suicide by shooting himself through the head at his room at 2112 Pine street.

Alleged Forgery.

The rifling of the city treasurer's vault and the burning of the papers taken therefrom is supposed to be the culmination of sensational suits and developments concerning the city treasurer and certain money lenders. About Sept. 20 suit was brought in the supreme court by one Sanford M. Barton against City Treasurer Foerstel on three notes, aggregating $7,000, drawn by W. F. Yow, an employe of the city treasurer, and purporting to bear the indorsement of Mr. Foerstel. The notes were held by the St. Louis National bank for account of Barton, who had discounted them for Yow. Mr. Foerstel at once repudiated the indorsement on the notes, claiming that his name had been forged. On the other hand Barton claimed that the indorsements were genuine and that the money had been obtained with the full knowledge of Mr. Foerstel, to be used in canceling a shortage in his cash at the regular monthly auditing of the treasurer's accounts.

Large Number Perished.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—A fearful explosion occurred Wednesday at the Bamfurlong colliery, Wigan, and not less than fifty lives have been lost. The men went to their work as usual Wednesday morning and after the colliery had been inspected in the usual way. They had not been at work long when a terrible explosion shook the earth for a great distance and a cloud of smoke shot up through the shaft into the air. A multitude of people rushed toward the mine, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

It was soon ascertained that a large number had perished, and the wailing and weeping of women and children made an indescribable scene. Steps were immediately taken to ascertain the full extent of the disaster and a crowd of volunteers promptly offered to explore the pit. It is believed that the explosion was caused by accumulated coal gas which had escaped the notice of the officials charged with the inspection of the mine.

SIX MEN KILLED.

Frightful Collision on the Great Northern Road in Minnesota.

SAUK CENTER, Minn., Dec. 19.—The most terrible wreck ever known in this part of the state occurred on the Great Northern railway Sunday morning at 12:30 at Nelson. A crew of men had been at work there clearing a wreck which had occurred a few days ago, and had just completed their work and were on board a train under conductor Roach bound for Osakis. While stopping at Nelson, engine 497, under Conductor Nickey, came around the bend.

Crashed Into the Caboose.

Unable to stop in such a short distance, his train dashed full speed into the caboose of the work train, rendering it a mass of kindling and killing six of the men who were lying on the seats. Fortunately only twelve men were in the caboose, but no one escaped being either injured or killed. The killed are: Nels Dakkin, John Ergenstrand and son, Ole Mattson, Christ Mattson, Kaun Brumier. The injured are: Ambrose Lee, Thomas Welsh, Pat Hennan, David Reed, Henry Ross, fireman on the east-bonnd train.

Suspended from the Ministry.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 14.—The last scene in the trial of Professor Henry P. Smith was enacted Wednesday. The Rev. Dr. A. Ritchie, acting moderator, read the sentence of the court, it being suspension from the ministry. Professor Smith broke the silence by saying he was gratified that the trial had been conducted without disagreeable personalities. The members of the committee of prosecution made similar conciliatory speeches. Exceptions to the findings by both sides will appeal to the synod of Ohio. Professor Smith, it is said, will not be removed from Lane seminary, as it is understood a large majority of the trustees favor his retention.

Jay Gould's Will Probated.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The will of Jay Gould, containing 6,000 words and disposing of $72,000,000 worth of property, was filed for probate in Surrogate Ransom's court Monday afternoon by Judge John F. Dillon. An affidavit of the executors, George J., Helen M., Edwin and Howard Gould shows the value of the real estate which Mr. Gould left in this state to be $2,000,000 and the value of the personal property in this state left by him to be $70,000,000.

Attached a Train Cars.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Dec. 19.—Upon the arrival of the Big Four train from Cincinnati Saturday County Treasurer May attached it, with the crew, for $8,000 unpaid state and local taxes. A southbound Pennsylvania freight train was also attached, as was $3,000 subsidy money of the E. and R. railroad. By this procedure County Treasurer May made $1,800.

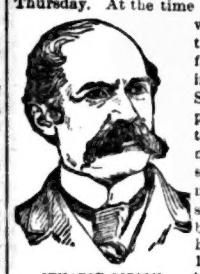
Rock Island's Latest Scheme.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—It is said here that the Rock Island will supplant the telegraph with the telephone in order to outwit the strikers.

DEATH OF SENATOR GIBSON.

He Passes Away After a Long and Apparently Painless Illness.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec. 16.—After a lingering but apparently painless illness Senator R. L. Gibson died at 3:10 p. m. Thursday. At the time of his death he was surrounded by the members of his family and several intimate friends. Senator Gibson passed away as though he had merely gone to sleep. There was no struggle, no suffering. He had been confined to his bed since Nov. 12, since which time his death had been expected daily. In accordance with his wishes, his remains will be buried in Lexington, Ky., by the side of his wife, who died some years ago. The funeral train bearing his remains left here for Lexington Friday.



SENATOR GIBSON.

Ex-Congressman Morse.

BOSTON, Dec. 16. — Ex-Congressman Leopold Morse called at the Hotel Vendome shortly before 6 o'clock Thursday evening to see Representative Hitt, who was attending the reception of the Boston Merchants' association. While waiting in one of the outer rooms of the hotel, he had an epileptic shock. His physician was called and just as the guests of the Merchants' association were filing into the dining hall he was removed to a house nearly opposite, where he died within an hour.

Composer Balmer.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16.—Charles Balmer, died at his residence in this city Friday, aged 75. He was the most prolific and one of the best known musical composers in America. He arranged during his life over six thousand pieces. He was musical director at the funeral of Abram Lincoln. He had been a resident of St. Louis since 1838.

HOMESTEAD POISON PLOT.

Warrant for the Arrest of District Master Workman Dempsey.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 19.—Warrants were issued Monday afternoon for the arrest of Hugh Dempsey, district master workman, Knights of Labor, and J. M. Davidson, for complicity in the Homestead poison plot. The charges are made by County Detective Beltzhoover and charge the men with felonious assault and battery and administering poison to the men employed in the Homestead mill during the late trouble. After hearing the testimony of Davidson and others on Saturday, District Attorney Burleigh instructed County Detective Beltzhoover to make the informations against the two men. Warrants are also out for the arrest of Gallagher (the confessor).

Bitter Feeling Against Beatty.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 19.—The feeling against Beatty, the alleged Homestead poisoner, among the non-union men at the mill is very bitter, and from the rumors afloat it would seem that he is much safer in jail than out of it. It is stated that an organization has been formed among the non-unionists to put him out of the way if he should be given his liberty. Last week a paper was circulated in the mill by some hot heads in which the signers agreed to draw lots, and the one receiving the blank was to attend to Beatty in the event of his release. The authority for the above was a workman, who refused to sign the paper when it was presented to him.

TO SACK SANTIAGO.

Discovery of a Plot Among the Followers of the Late Balmaceda.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The Herald's special from Valparaiso says: Another plot of the followers of the late President Balmaceda has been discovered by the government at Santiago and frustrated. An attempt was made to corrupt the Seventh regiment, and that fact became known to the government Sunday. Shortly before evening call Tuesday sentries of police were stationed around the various barracks, and immediately after call, the sentries closed in, barring exits. The police went in and arrested several groups of conspirators.

Forty-Six Prisoner in Custody.

The plans of the plotters were seized. Various points in the city were to have been sacked and there were lists of prominent government officials who were to have been killed. A number of masks, daggers, revolvers and military caps were found, in addition to blue bands for destinctive marks, blue lights, and torches. Forty-six prisoners are now in custody. They are all ex-officers of the army, and among them is Malquias Concha, who was the agent of Juan McKenna. Claudio Vicunia is said to be suppling funds to the malcontents from Buenos Ayres.

Union Printers Protest.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—The committees representing the Typographical union, the Allied Printing Trades council, and Trade and Labor assembly appeared before the board of control of the World's fair at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning and filed their protest against the letting of the contract for printing the World's fair catalogue to the W. B. Conkey company, because of its employment of non-union men and refusal to run its establishment with union labor. The protest was referred to the local executive committee of the fair. After having been considered by that body the matter will be passed upon by the board of control. It is not likely that a decision will be reached for several weeks.

The Big Four Telegraphers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 15.—It was stated here Wednesday night on authority of bulletins sent to Big Four operators from Cincinnati that their committee had failed in its conference with officials of the company. The matter, it was further said by an operator, had been referred to the chief of the operator's brotherhood, and with him will rest the ordering of a strike if one is ordered. It is not believed here that there will be a strike—not in any event until after the chief has conferred with the officials of the company.

To Be Made a Cardinal.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—A dispatch to The Tablet from Rome says the announcement that the Most Rev. J. W. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, would be made a cardinal at the coming papal consistory was erroneous, adding that it is the intention to elevate the Most Rev. Michael Logue, archbishop of Armagh, and primate of all Ireland to the cardinalate instead of Archbishop Walsh.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of General Interest from Here and There.

General R. E. Lee's signature is worth $10 in the autograph market. General McClellan's $3 and General Sherman's $3.

John Cultice, the postmaster of Redkey, Ind., who has kept the place for ten years, is totally blind.

Baron Hirsch is supposed to be not only the richest man of our time, but of all time, his estimated capital being $500,000,000.

The treasury department Monday purchased 447,000 ounces of silver at 0.8370 and 0.8380.

R. A. Chadwick of Liscomb, Ia., and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jane Braddock, were thrown from a wagon. Mrs. Braddock was killed.

The comptroller of the currency has called for a report of the condition of national banks at the close of business Friday, Dec. 9.

Governor McKinley of Ohio called at the White House and had a short interview with the president.

Burglars robbed the Vandalia depot at Staunton, Ind., securing a small amount of money.

The public and parochial schools of Alpena, Mich., are closed because of the prevalence of diphtheria in the town.

The Commercial club of Indianapolis has abandoned its purpose of requesting the establishment of a state board of arbitration for labor differences because the manufacturers are strongly opposed to it.

David Fleming, charged with the murder of a man named Sanders at Perth, Ind., a month ago, has been arrested in Ohio.

Mrs. Henry L. Powell, of New Castle, Ind., was found dead in the Logansport water-works race. It is believed she committed suicide.

Joseph Maxwell was suffocated in a fire which gutted E. F. Boyle's store in Dunmore.

Christian Reese, a Madison (Wis.) contractor and builder, skated through the ice while on the way to work and was drowned.

Siegfried Tollstoi, a Swedish tailor of Mansfield, Ill., fell from a train and lay insensible for nearly a day, when he was found, his feet frozen stiff, in a pool of water. He may not recover.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, has headed a movement among the clergymen of that city to protest against Sunday funerals, on the two grounds that the associations of the day suggest resurrection, not interment, and that undue labor should also be avoided as far as possible on the Lord's day.

A negro who boarded a freight car at Buffalo and became locked in was discovered at Coney Island, having spent five days and nights without food.

The Moscow monument to the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, which has been seven years in construction, now approaches completion, and it is expected to be ready for dedication in the spring.

* * *

Edward J. Hood, master of the Columbus, O., Switchmen's union, has disappeared and taken, it is said, $106 of the union funds with him.

William Jennings, a farmer, was struck with a sandbag while walking home from a neighbor's near Dalton, O. In resisting the two thugs he was cut in the throat. His recovery is doubtful.

Peck's Sun has been sold to Charles J. Brown, formerly connected with a Milwaukee theatre.

A team attached to a Nashville fire engine ran away, fatally injuring Tom Con, the driver, upset a score of vehicles on the bridge, overturned and wrecked the engine and in all caused a loss of $8,000.

Dr. Markell of Chippewa Falls, Wis., who has just been cleared of a charge of malpractice, has been arrested for jumping a board bill at Eau Claire.

The number of deaths daily from typhoid fever at St. Louis continues to be large. Physicians advise against eating uncooked vegetables or unboiled milk.

The body of a woman found in the lake at Milwaukee was identified as that of Augusta Iolsdorff, formerly a cook at Captain Pabst's home.

It looks as though Lodge will succeed Hoar in the senate from Massachusetts.

Mrs. W. Slattery, a colored woman, is held in $2,000 bail at Springfield, Ills., for trial for perjury in an application for a pension.

Burglars secured $200 worth of goods at Liter & Coon's and J. H. Liter's stores at Literberry, Ills.

Mrs. Augusta Wendt, wife of a saloonkeeper, hanged herself at her home, 143 Reed street, Milwaukee.

J. Boone Dodge, traveling agent in Missouri for a St. Louis paper, has decided to bring suit for $25,000 damages against Dr. H. W. Wood, proprietor of Wood's Opera house, Sedalia, Mo., for having Dodge ejected from the play house.

Sculptor Elwell of New York has been awarded the contract for the monument of General Hancock to be erected by the Gettysburg Memorial association. The cost will be $22,000 without the pedestal.

* * *

William Lyon, a boy who ran away from his home at Freeport, Ills., last spring and was arrested at Fort Dodge, Ia., for burglary, has been tried and acquitted.

The first term of the woman's college connected with Brown university has been a success.

Michael Coleman was sent to prison for four and a half years for robbing the post-office at Dickeyville, Wis. Daniel Ryan also received four years for the same offense.

The axhandle manufacturers of Indiana met at Indianapolis and agreed upon prices for the coming year.

Bony Appleton, a farmer living ten miles northwest of Marion, Ills., went to Carterville, became intoxicated, and started for home. He was afterward found dead in the road.

There is a prospect that the Howe, one of England's great war ships that was stranded on the Spanish coast some weeks ago, will be floated off this week.

Jewish society in Baltimore is perturbed because Rosa Cabe married Nat Stapleton, a Catholic.

President Harrison has pardoned N. W. Page of Iowa, convicted of violating the postal laws.

The house rules committee has promised the members of the Raum investigating committee a special order within a day or two for consideration in the house of the report the majority made at the last session as the result of its investigation into the management of the pension office.

The Illinois Sheep Breeders' and the Illinois Beekeepers' association met at Springfield. The attendance was very light.

J. M. Tappart, manager of the Western Union office at St. Mary's, O., has fled with a month's receipts, much borrowed money and $750 of telephone rents.

Railroad reports indicate that the Kansas snowstorm has hindered the operation of trains but little, while it has been the guarantee of the safety of the winter wheat crop.

Governor Fifer has commuted to twenty years the life sentence of Charles Van Train, sent to the penitentiary from Christian county, Ills., in November, 1881, for murdering his wife.

* * *

Moses D. Sanders, a Des Moines painter, took a dose of laudanum and died.

Young George Weisenburger of Laurel, O., committed suicide with strychnine after quarreling with a younger brother. His mind was affected.

The Illinois auditor of public accounts has issued a permit to S. R. Putnam, James Mahan, H. T. Goddard, James R. Parkinson, L. Risley, and William Seitz, Jr., to organize the Wabash Savings bank at Mount Carmel, with a capital stock of $25,000.

Chauncey M. Depew is a believer in scrap books. He has eight or ten of them which contain clippings from newspapers and periodicals relating to himself. All his printed speeches are preserved in this way.

The senate has confirmed the nomination of James W. McDill of Ohio, interstate commerce commissioner.

While Vice Admiral Tchikhatchoff, Russian minister of the navy, was visiting the admiralty yards to see the progress of the new cruisers, a plank fell on his head, seriously injuring him. He was stunned and had to be assisted home.

Fire destoryed the west side engine house at Depere, Wis., including the entire apparatus. Loss, $6,000; insurance, $1,800.

One of the latest schemes in connection with electricity is its utilization for cooking and heating private houses. It is estimated that ninety meals for a family of ordinary size can be cooked in this way at a cost of $0.57.

Cardinal Gibbons has promised to write an article about "The Life of a Sister of Charity" for a Philadelphia publication.

Franklin Simmons, the well-known sculptor, is busily engaged in Rome on a fine statue of General Grant for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. This gives promise of being the finest portrait statue ever executed by the the sculptor.

The third son of the president of France is a private in the French army, waiting for his admission to the Ecole Polytechnique.

* * *

A South American naturalist has a large room devoted to spiders, of which he has nearly 11,000 specimens.

Levy, the famous English cornetist, has become a naturalized American citizen.

Frank Johnson, a school teacher of Martinsville, Ind., committed suicide.

There are many cases of diphtheria at Palmyra, Ills. The schools have been closed and public meetings are prohibited.

The newest fad in autograph books is one of cooking receipes. Earch formula written in the book has the signature of the contributing friend under it.

The first patent in the United States was issued July 31, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins for making pot and pearl ashes.

Colonel H. C. Jones of the First Virginia regiment has asked the governor to allow him to take the regiment to the World's fair at Chicago.

Only three men who were members of the United States senate in 1848 are living—James Bradbury of Maine, ex-Governor Felch of Michigan, and General George W. Jones of Iowa.

General Draper, who defeated Congressman George Fred Williams of Massachusetts admits that he spent $7,815 in doing it.

A book called "Memories of the Professional and Social Life of John E. Owens," the famous comedian, is soon to be issued by his wife.

A Cornell college young woman is said to be studying veterinary surgery.

Professor Charles Sequard has been lecturing in Philadelphia on the wickedness of that city and Boston, and he pronounces the two cities worse than Paris.

Mme. Ye, wife of the Corean minister at Washington, undertook to learn French for conversational purposes, but has given it up, being unable to pronounce the nasal sounds.

Mrs. Jauli Phinizy, formerly a slave, died at Atlanta last week and left property valued at $20,000 to Marion Phinizy, a son of her old master. Marion is not in need of the windfall, being himself quite wealthy.

Miss Wanamaker counts among her various accomplishments the unusual but decidedly healthy one of boxing. Her tutor in a great measure and the one with whom she most frequently tries her skill is her father, the postmaster general

* * *

Thomas Hodges, aged 20 years, fell through the ice at Hancock, Mich., and was drowned.

Steven Farro, an Italian miner, was killed by an American miner named Farmer at Geneva, Ind., and the dead man's countrymen there swear vengeance.

William Scott, colored, aged 19, a fugitive from the reform school at Booneville, Mo., was fatally shot by Officer Eccles while resisting arrest at Sedalia, Mo.

Peter Herbert, who escaped from the state's prison at Charleston, Mass., on Oct. 4, 1888, has been arrested at Boston.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up, the scrofula came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken three bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, reliable, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—E. S. Willard, "The Professor's Love Story."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Pauline Hall Opera Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"My Official Wife."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Boston Howard Atheneum Specialty Co.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AMERICA THREATENED BY ENGLAND.

Four or five years ago, THE CITIZEN directed American public attention to the fact that the government of the Dominion of Canada was deepening the canals leading from the St. Lawrence to the great lakes for other purposes than those of commerce. Not a few of our daily contemporaries treated the matter lightly and ascribed our anxiety on the subject to what they were pleased to term Anti-British prejudice. They affected, like Objector Holman, of Indiana, to believe that, under no circumstances, could our Canadian neighbors, or their British allies, wage war upon us. Such American representatives as, in Congress, ventured to suggest that the better fortification of our exposed lakeboard frontier would be prudent, received only passing attention, and nearly all expenditure for the works of national defense was confined to the seaboard cities. Since the subject was last agitated, we have had grave causes of difference not only with our neighbors of the dominion, but also with the government of Great Britain. The seal fisheries controversy, and the retaliatory order of President Harrison in regard to Canadian tolls, have rather added to the old complications, and now the struggling fires of annexation to this republic, which burn slowly but surely in some of the Dominion provinces, have intensified the situation. Not satisfied with holding pistols to the head of the United States in Nova Scotia and the West Indies, England is now forging supplementary weapons of defense in Canadian-American waters. A Washington press dispatch, dated Tuesday, says:

"The construction of revenue cutters on the great lakes by the Canadian authorities has received renewed consideration by the officials of the treasury department within the last few days since the receipt of a report made by one of the lieutenats in the service to Captain Shephard, of the revenue marine service. In this report the lieutenant writes at considerable length of the new vessels which have been built by Canada within the last year or so, and which are now about ready for service. There are three of them—the Constance, the Curlew and the Petrel. The first two were built at Owen Sound and the Petrel has just been launched at Hamilton. Designs of the ships have been secured and accompany the report. They show that in all essential features the boats are naval vessels. They have steel protected decks, ram bows, are fitted for the reception of torpedo tubes, have fittings for the mounting of four one-inch Hotchkiss rapid fire guns, and carry three guns, one on either bow and one at the stern of the Maxim-Nordfeldt type, very effective weapons. The designs for the boats were furnished from the British admiralty; the construction was superintended by officers from the admiralty, and the officers of the vessels, it is understood, will come from the British navy. The Constance is already in commission and the Curlew is nearly ready for service. The building of these vessels affected the shipyards on the American side of the lakes. Mechanics employed in their construction were induced to go to Canada and work on them, the foreman of Wheeler's establishment, at Bay City, being one of them. Now that the work is finished these men are seeking re-employment at their old places.

"The report states that English and Canadian officers and citizens explained that these vessels were built with a view to protecting the Welland canal from destruction in the case of attack. And in this connection the statement was made that there are fifty vessels in the British navy that can be introduced into the great lakes via the St. Lawrence and Welland canal route. Contracts have been let for enlarging and deepening the Cornwall canal near Montreal (which is the shallowest and contains the smallest locks), so that, when completed, vessels 230 feet long and drawing 12 to 14 feet may be transported through the canals with practically no loss of time. The Constance, the Curlew and the Petrel can go through the Welland canal at about full speed—14½ knots an hour."

The further statement made in the telegram that no official notification of the building of the vessels of war, for "revenue" purposes, has been transmitted to the Secretary of State does not alter the gravity of the case. The facts, as stated in the dispatch, are open and notorious. The whole of the people of our endangered frontier are aware of them, and have been for some time. If fifty vessels of the British navy can sail into the lakes through ship canals, the country is threatened, and should provide, peaceably but firmly, against the danger. The lion, if he is well fed with slavish concessions to his prideful appetite, may not attack us, but let him once get good and hungry, what then? Is it prudent to be at his mercy? Secretary Foster says that the United States will build no additional revenue cutters on the lakes "unless it needs them." Certainly not. The British-Canadian craft are constructed, we are informed, merely for "revenue" purposes, and to protect the Welland canal, in case of attack. Does the "revenue" mean the looting of our lake cities in case of unpleasantness? Does America threaten the Welland canal, or any other Canadian public work? We know it does not. Why, then, this great solicitude for its safety on the part of our Dominion neighbors? No friendly spirit actuates such a proceeding on their part. The Canadian frontier is our weak point. The existence of the Canadian Dominion—the ally and tributary of our hereditary foe—is a constant menace. No doubt, in an armed conflict, we would ultimately triumph, but at what a cost! We have, we believe, two, at most three, revenue cutters on the lakes against the new flotilla built by Canada, and the fifty additional British gunboats that can be introduced at short notice into our inland seas in case of emergency.

Just imagine the position Chicago, Duluth, Detroit, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo and Ogdensburg would be in, in case of war, with half a hundred British sea dogs, and their Canadian auxilaries, bombarding them day and night! Imagine the contributions that might be levied, the thousands of non-combatants that must perish, the myriads of homes that must be destroyed, in short the misery and desolation that must ensue in such an event! What policy then, should our government pursue? It should ask England whether the treaty of 1817 is binding on both nations or only upon us. If it is binding on both, a satisfactory explanation of recent Canadian armament should be demanded without loss of time. No matter what the reply, the duty of our government is to build vessel for vessel, and, more than this, to fortify, as far as that is possible, every exposed point on our northern frontier. If this proceeding gives offense to Canada, or to England, it cannot be helped. If they mean to fight us sometime in the near future, no subservience on our part will prevent an attack. Determined action on the part of our government may hasten the crisis or avert it altogether. Under no circumstance can we afford to be at the mercy of any foreigner, even though we have with him, as is alleged, "a common history, a common language and a common religion."

A GAELIC BOOM.

There has, probably, been more written about Gaelic by our Celtic Scotch cousins during the last three months than was written about it in Scotland for forty years previously. The whole excitement has been caused by an article by Mr. T. O'Neill Russell that appeared in the New York *Independent* some three or four months ago, entitled "The Scotch Gaelic Version of the Scriptures." The article showed that up to the time the Bible appeared in Scotch Gaelic in 1767, the language or dialect in which it was written had never before appeared in print; that the Irish version of the scriptures was the only one of which the Gaelic-speaking Scotch knew anything; that every book of religious instruction printed in Gaelic in Scotland from 1567 to 1767 was in the Gaelic of Ireland; that every Gaelic manuscript known to have been written in Scotland prior to the middle of the last century, and that has been preserved, is in Irish; that consequently the language known as Scotch Gaelic is not a natural but an artificial language; that the only possible cause for its formation was to break down the old friendship which had so long existed between the Celtic Scotch and the Celtic Irish; and that it was English influence that caused the change to be made in Gaelic in Scotland in order that that the Celtic Irish and Celtic Scotch should become enemies of each other.

The article in the *Independent* has raised such commotion in Scotland and in Canada, in fact in every part of the world where Scotch Gaels are located, that that paper is overwhelmed with answers to it. The *Independent* printed some replies to the article, but will not print any more. The *Scottish-Canadian*, however, the *Oban Times*, and every Scottish journal that prints matter connected with Gaelic, are paying the penalty of the *Independent's* refusal to give any more place to the discussion, for they are also overwhelmed with replies to the article. The *Scottish-Canadian* has already printed many replies, and has half a dozen others on hand. The replies to Mr. Russell's article, printed in the *Independent* and in the *Scottish-Canadian*, were weak beyond imagination. It is quite evident that those who wrote them were laboring under want of knowledge of the subject, or were afraid to admit the truth. The more the Scotch write about the matter, the more they will get themselves "into a hole," for so much of the ancient Gaelic literature of Scotland has recently been collected and published, that those who maintain that the dialect of Gaelic into which the Bible was translated in 1767 was the vernacular Gaelic of Scotland, have not a leg to stand on. Carsewell, who wrote the first Gaelic book ever printed in Scotland or in Ireland, says that he wrote it in the vernacular Gaelic of his time (A.D. 1567), which is the current Irish of today. So late as 1754 an edition of Bedel's Irish Bible was printed for the use of the Highlanders. Dr. MacLaughlin, the most eminent of modern Scotch-Gaelic scholars, says in the Encyclopedia Britannica, that the Irish Bible, even in the old characters, was well known in the Highlands during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that it was read both in the churches and in private families. One passage in Mr. Russell's article deserves quotation. He says "that as all printed Gaelic that appeared in Scotland up to 1750 or 1760, was the same as the Gaelic of Ireland, and that if it was necessary to translate the Irish bible into Scotch Gaelic in 1767 in order to make it intelligible to Highlanders, we are driven to the extraordinary conclusion that those same Highlanders had for nearly two hundred years previous been reading not only a bible but books of religious instruction that they did not understand, and that those who wrote them were fools."

That the change in the Gaelic of Scotland was made or inspired by the English government, there seems to be no manner of doubt. The change was made just after Charley Stuart had made a heroic attempt to regain the throne of his forefathers, and when England was shaken to its centre by the invasion of ten thousand Highlanders. There were three quarters of a million of people in Scotland, and three and a half million in Ireland speaking the same Gaelic language, and they were Jacobites almost to a man. The old racial friendship that had so long existed between them had to be broken down at any cost. It was as well known at the time of Charley Stuart as now, that whatsoever dialect or form of a language the Bible appears in, always becomes in Protestant countries the standard one of the language. So it has become in Scotland. A Highlander of the present time could not understand the Irish Bible any better than his forefathers could understand the Scotch Gaelic Bible when it first appeared. The change of language at the Tower of Babel may have been the means of inspiring some English prime minister of the last century with the idea of making babble out of the Gaelic of Scotland.

It seems clear from the uproar the article in the *Independent* has created that most of the Highland Scotch are unaware of the foul trick played on their language by knaves who were inspired by England to mar one of the most ancient of European idioms. There are surely many honest and patriotic men still among them. Let these come out boldly and denounce the greatest linguistic fraud ever perpetrated.

POLITE LETTER WRITING AT THE CITY HALL.

In the matter of complete and polite letter writing, we have a city administration that cannot be discounted. The extraordinary functionary, who holds down the mayor's chair, is provided with a capacious waste basket, filled with sawdust, into which the heads of disgruntled "cabinet" officers are voluntarily dropped because being, according to their published communications, personally devoted to the diminutive potentate with the basket, they shrink from putting him to the trouble of soiling his dainty hands in the process of decapitating them. The first obliging caput that was offered in this way was that of Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., who had enormous difficulty in sawing through the adipose tissue that armored his tough vertebral column, in order to make his head portable enough to go into the mayoral wickerwork receptacle. The cap sheaf of Mr. Douglas's portly person was delivered to his "chief," together with a most Chesterfieldan composition, in which eternal friendship was vowed, and the metropolitan Grand Turk received it with a latitudinal grin that would have done credit to a veteran burnt cork opera singer.

The Grand Vizier of the city hall is Jamieson Pasha, now a very great man, but originally an industrious compounder of drugs and medicines. There is a little bell in the Mogul's office which usually summons the Pasha to a conference. One day last week the Mogul was sorely disconcerted about a row over contracts in the Department of Public Works. He touched the bell and the Pasha immediately appeared.

"How about this infernal bad odor from the Public Works, Jamieson," demanded the Mogul in dudgeon?

"'Tis only the Bridgeport pumping works on a burst, your salubrious highness," avowed the Vizier blandly.

"The pumping works be d——d!" responded the Mogul, "I mean about the contracts."

"That is Aldrich's business," returned the Vizier, rather haughtily."

"You had better ask himself."

"That Aldrich is putting on too many airs since he was elected to Congress," said the Mogul. "I guess I'll have to ask for his head," and he glanced significantly at the basket. "But," he continued, "how am I to manage about the letter.

"What letter, may it please your extraordinary awfulness?" asked the Pasha.

"What letter? Why the letter that always accompanies the heads of my vassals when they drop them into yonder basket. You remember the elegant epistle Steve Douglas wrote me on a certain melancholy occasion?"

"Ah, yes—happy thought. I think I know how to manage that," said the Vizier. "Aldrich, you know, is proud, so you just turn over the appointments in his office to me as you have done all the others, and the letter will come as sure as sunrise."

"I'll write immediately," said the Mogul, and he at once indited as follows:

"My dear Minister of Public Works: I have noticed since your election to Congress a fatigued expression on your exquisite countenance, and, consulting Vizier Jamieson, who has had experience in medicine, as you know, I am advised by him to lighten the amount of your public labor. Therefore, in the interest of your health and longevity, I have taken off your shoulders the weight of official patronage and transferred it to him. I need hardly say how deeply I esteem you, and how sincere is my friendship. Our relations have ever been of the pleasantest, and your personal loveliness has lent the lustre of beauty to an administration whose personnel, myself excepted, of course, would otherwise be plain even unto painfulness. I am, with renewed expressions of sincere affection,

Enthusiastically yours,
HEMP."

"I think that will do it," remarked the Mogul, as he handed the missive to a messenger, who, presently, returned staggering under a heavy and gory load, which proved to be the head of Aldrich, very much swollen, and which he dropped immediately into the basket. The severed member was accompanied by a note couched in the following terms:

"Most Considerate Mogul, my very good lord and master: After an intercourse of nearly two years with your smilingness, I am enabled to interpret your thoughts by your words, whether written or spoken. This is, I know, in controversy with the saying of the sage, that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, but who that has basked in the sunshine of your smiles could subscribe to such an axiom? Since reading your communication I find that I have pressing business elsewhere, and begin to think I am slightly *de trop*. That is French, but never mind—consult Webster's unabridged when you are in a pinch on foreign words. I can never forget the many happy days we've had together, when you and I were young in office, and you had no partner on the throne. As I cannot live under the shadow of your displeasure, and as I have read between the lines of your letter, I hereby send you my head, and remain, most puissant Mogul, your very devoted friend and servant,

ALDRICH,
Sometime Minister of Public Works."

"Pasha!" exclaimed the Mogul in ecstasy, "let us embrace! With our huggery, muggery," *etcetra*, and the Mogul, forgetful of his official dignity, executed a waltz in which the Pasha was forced to participate.

The latter soon bowed himself out of that awful presence, muttering as he did so, "The Mogul is growing too confoundedly affectionate toward me. If this thing keeps on increasing I'll have to look out for my own head pretty soon, but hang the letter I'll write!"

"SUNSHINE on the plate of coffin"—the city hall Mogul's smile when Aldrich's head was handed him on a trencher.

"BY St. Paul! I shall have his head before I dine"—the Mogul to Vizier Jamieson, referring to Hastings Aldrich.

OFFICER JOHN MCINERNEY, of the city police force, performed a heroic act on Tuesday by saving two girls who, otherwise, would have been run over and mangled by a train. He did it at the imminent risk of his life. The officer is a gallant man and should be suitably recognized.

SHERIFF GILBERT and the county board have locked horns. It remains to be seen which of the combatants has the strongest pair of "rippers."

"I'LL have him, but I'll not keep him long"—the Mogul ruminating on Anne Neville Jamieson.

FOUR phrases that have become as threadbare in newspaper literature as a veteran overcoat: "It goes without saying;" "In a Pickwickian sense;" "A Macedonian cry," and "He did yeoman service."

"UNEASY lies the head that has no brains"—the Mogul's reflection on retiring to repose.

THE Solitary Horseman is still in the ring for the mayoralty.

SAM CHASE is "firing" the Irish Republicans out of his office *sans ceremonie*. We thought Sam always bragged about being elected by Republican votes.

MR. GLADSTONE has gone to the South of France to repair his lungs before parliament opens.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READER, City.—Your criticism of the parties indicated in your letter is eminently just, but, for obvious reasons, we cannot publish your communication. It is impossible to fathom the inherent meanness of some men, and they are not confined to a particular race.

HISTORICUS, City.—The French general, St. Ruth, who fell at the battle of Aughrim, in 1691, commanded Mountcashel's Irish Brigade, known to history as "The Old Brigade," in the campaign of Savoy the previous year. He was a great general, and we believe he did his utmost to make Ireland victorious.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MITCHEL'S ADDRESS, 1848.

["I am tired of constitutional action, as it is called, and will never lift a finger to help it more. Our harvests are exported, and our people starve. Instead of saying to them 'Agitate! agitate!' I would say 'Arm! arm!' "—*John Mitchel, in Irish Confederation, February, 1848.*]

Away with pen and bootless word!
Hail, gleaming pike and flashing sword!
Our country's hopes in dust are laid
By knaves and dotards sore betrayed;
She hopes no more from foreign guns
Her trust is in her loyal sons—
Her loyal sons and daughters fair
Must lift her banner yet in air.

Behold our harvest on the waves!
Behold our lov'd in famine graves!
What! fear ye, men, to face your God
On path where Tone and Emmet trod?
There bled the heart of Geraldine,*
There led O'Connor's royal line,†
There Erin shed hot bitter tears
O'er martyr'd Bond and slaughter'd Sheares!

Fierce war chief of the Yellow Ford!‡
Where now lies hid thy hero sword?
The sword of Limerick's bloody breach!
The sword of Meagher's storied speech!
That sword must flash in newer fields
Ere Erin's soul the struggle yields;
That blade well wrought of Irish steel,
Swift sword of Sarsfield and O'Neill!

Pale prophets of the bloodless school††
May hope from Saxons native rule,
But we, by braver visions blest,
Will seek our models in the West:
The West—brave land of Washington!
Of Concord fight and Lexington,
The land where Freedom's victor wars
Gave rivals to Jehovah's stars!

The Frenchman conquers by the Seine,
The German curbs his tyrant's reign,
On Dnieper's banks the war-wreaths roll
O'er savage Russ and peerless Pole!‡‡
Then dare to conquer, like the Gaul,
Or, like the Pole, to proudly fall;
Your fathers never flinched the fight
When Freedom rose 'gainst ruffian might.

For other lands our bravest died,
And other banners spread in pride
From Indian vale to Belgic strand,
Oh,, why not for their mother land?
What nobler cause on earth than hers?
What land had braver worshipers,
When Wexford rushed in arms to spill
The spoilers' blood on Oulart Hill?

And has that gallant pulse grown cold?
Sleeps courage with our grandsires bold?
No, Erin's arm is potent yet
To strive 'gainst chain and bayonet.
Then up! the advent hour has come,
Be Valor's voice no longer dumb,
Our fathers' blades in pride bring forth
From South and East, from West and North.

And should our final battle fail,
And numbers over right prevail,
Better the soldier's honored grave
Than Saxon bonds for Irish slave!
Defying death, defeat and wrong,
Your names shall live in Erin's song,
And beauty's tears will gem the bloom
Of shamrock wreaths o'er Valor's tomb! F.

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald. †Arthur O'Connor. ‡Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, called by the English Earl of Tyrone. ††The political followers of Daniel O'Connell absurdly subscribed to the doctrine of their chief, propounded in his senile years, that "the greatest of political blessings is not worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood." ‡‡Alluding to the European revolutions of 1848.

LITERARY.

A NEW CHICAGO MONTHLY.

The *University of Chicago Monthly*, an educational and literary magazine, will be issued early next month, and will have contributions and selections from the following distinguished litterateurs: Salutatory, by Miss Harriet Monroe, author of the "Columbian Ode;" "Where the Church Fails," by the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., author of "Our Country," "What we are Doing," by Mrs. Potter Palmer; "Ernest Renan," by the Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Ph. D.; "Athletics," by Prof. A. Alonzo Stagg; "College Entrance Requirements in English," by Prof. Wm. D. McClintock; "Poetry in Song," by the Rev. Robert E. Lowry, D.D., author of "Shall we Gather at the River;" a story complete in three numbers, by Edwin H. Lewis, Ph. D.; "Bacon vs. Shakespeare," by Joseph Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle," and general articles by other well known people. The new monthly starts out with brilliant promise and THE CITIZEN wishes it every success.

HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

One of the best contributions to the science of orthography that THE CITIZEN has seen in many years is the handsome little work "How do you Spell it?" by Mr. W. L. C. Hyde, of the Chicago *Times*, and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The construction of the book is simple, and at the same time comprehensive. The very dullest can see its practical principle at first glance, and to persons engaged in writing, whether publicly or privately, and doubtful of their orthographical skill, it is simply invaluable. It can be referred to in a second, needs no easel to hold it, as does a ponderous dictionary, and the word once seen is forever fixed in the mind by printing the doubtful form of termination, or a doubtful syllable, letter or diphthong in heavier type than the body of the word. Mr. Hyde, in his preface, says: "Obviously, 'How do You Spell it?' should be used as a reference, not as a *text* book. A moment's reflection will enable anyone to see that if lists of words be picked out for study, the sole aim and purpose of the book would most likely be defeated. A distinct and permanent *visual impression* could no more reasonably be expected of all the words thus reviewed than of the faces or apparel of a line of people on the march. Do not, then, attempt to learn too fast. If the correct orthography of a troublesome word is indelibly fixed in the mind's eye, only as the writer has occasion to use that word, it is quite enough."

AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE.

American Young People is a new monthly illustrated magazine, the first number of which will appear in January. It will take up the work of furnishing choice reading along the line of American history and literature, and entertaining matter of all kinds for young people and the household. The subscription price will be one dollar a year. The publication office is in Chicago.

BALESTIER'S COLORADO NOVEL.

In the December *Century Magazine* is printed the first instalment of "Benefits Forgot," a novel from the pen of the young author Wolcott Balestier, whose early death in Dresden a year ago cut short a career which such friends as Henry James, Edmund Gosse, and W. D. Howells believe would have brought the highest credit to American literature. The scene of "Benefits Forgot" is laid in Colorado. Balestier twice visited that State, and to the end of his brief career his last sojourn in the West remained his most vivid and fascinating experience. The large issues of life in Colorado moved him profoundly, and though an Eastern man by birth and a resident of Europe at his death, it was to Colorado that his imagination turned, and it is to that State his notable work belongs.

LEND A HAND.

Dr. Edward E. Hale's "Lend a Hand" for December, is one of the best numbers of that periodical that have come to our notice. Among the contributors are the Rev. John Tunis, who writes about "Tenement House Statistics;" Isabel Winslow, who discourses on "A Useful Summer Charity;" Emily S. Cook, who deals with "Field Matrons;" Amos S. Warner, who discourses on "Organized Charity;" Edward E. Hale, who writes about "The New England Ministry," and the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, who has something to say about "The Migration of Invalids," a subject of great interest to thousands. There is likewise a variety of lesser articles, together with some excellent poetry.

P. F. RYAN & CO'S CHRISTMAS DISPLAY.

THE CITIZEN has pleasure in calling especial attention to the advertisement of P. F. Ryan & Co., printed in another column. For many years this enterprising firm has led the dry goods trade in the West Division, and has commanded extensive patronage from all quarters of the city. Its Christmas array of goods is the finest beyond comparison that it has ever presented to the people of Chicago, and is deserving of widespread recognition.

JOHN M. SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET.

The rush at John M. Smyth's mammoth Town Market, 150 to 166 West Madison street, this season has been unexampled. No finer stock of goods, of all descriptions, can be found in the world than is displayed in this great Chicago emporium, which is without a rival in this, or any other, city. THE CITIZEN directs special attention to the advertisement of this house on the 8th page of this issue.

"A snake in the grass" is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is just out for the new year.

THE COLLEEN DHAS

And "The Dear Irish Boy," All the Way From Donegal, Will Make Chicago a Summer Resort Next Year.

They Will Come in the Train of Mrs. Ernest Hart, Whose Irish Industrial Village Will Rise in Our Midst.

In the Irish exhibition in London in 1888 the most interesting and successful of the exhibits was the Irish Industrial Village in the grounds. Here replicas of cottages built of rough hewn blocks of granite and thatched with straw, sheltered village workers who had been trained under my agency in the remote congested districts of Donegal and elsewhere in Ireland. Unmolested by the crowds who came to look on, these workers quietly pursued the avocations of cottage industrial life in Ireland. Wool was dyed beautiful tints from plants, and was carded, spun, warped and woven into the "Heart and Hand Homespuns" of the Donegal Industrial Fund before the eyes of the public; art linens were woven and the glossy flax and threads laid on in the stitching of the "Kells Art Embroideries" in some of the cottages; Celtic designs were woven into table linen on a facquard loom; the "sprigging," reining and initialing of handkerchiefs, which before the McKinley tariff formed a large industry in county Down, county Derry and county Donegal, and will again I trust, were shown by Donegal girls, and wood carving by the Donegal boys we had taught. A replica of a ruined castle stood at one end of the village and a Celtic cross in the middle of the street. The village was a hive of busy, happy, industry, a model village of Irish industrial life. I forgot to mention that I designed and managed this village for the committee of the exhibition. It was a great success. Crowds came to see it, and among the visitors whom I had the pleasure of taking over the village and explaining the processes of homespun manufacture were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone afterward signed several of his photographs for me as a sign of his appreciation of my work for the Irish, a request he invariably refuses. In the middle of the drawing-room at Hawarden, moreover, hangs, draping an easel, a pair of embroidered homespun cushions I gave Mr. Gladstone as a birthday present some years ago.

I thought that it would create an enthusiasm, perhaps, for the products of the industries which are doing so much to banish distress from the congested istricts of Ireland if I could put up and run a similar village in Chicago at the World's Fair. I made an application to do this as long ago as Oct. 1891. The application was favorably received, a concession promised, the site selected and I sent in my plans, specifications and a description of the industries to be shown in each cottage of the village. Lady Aberdeen subsequently induced me to agree to my village being run as a co-operative undertaking by myself and the Irish Industries Association, and we entered into a legal agreement to this effect. Lady Aberdeen offered and undertook to find the funds with which to erect and maintain the village, and I agreed to surrender to the Irish Industries Association the promised advantages of site and succession obtained from the World's Fair authorities, to hand over my plans and schemes, to give my experience and aid, and that profits should be shared between the Irish Industries Association and the Donegal Industrial Fund. The agreement with me was, however, broken by the Irish Industries Association by not banking the money on the date specified, but all the valuable considerations obtained thereby were retained, and the concession which had been promised me was secured by the Irish Industries Association. Thus I and the poor people of the congested districts of Donegal, whom I serve and represent, found ourselves frozen out of our own village scheme by the strange device of the Irish Industries Association to enter into an agreement with me to obtain a share of its advantages, and then by virtue of their own default in keeping this agreement to obtain possession of the whole of the property to be shared. Appeals to honor and good faith proved useless and my sole redress seemed to be in law. I consulted Sir Charles Russell, our solicitor general, and secured his written opinion that I had right of action for breach of contract against Lady Aberdeen and her associates. I preferred, however, justice to law, and I appealed to the just judgment of the World's Fair authorities. After hearing both sides, and after a long and careful consideration of the subject, the executive found they were bound by their legal contract with the Irish Industries Association, however obtained; but, to redress the grievous wrong done me and my people, they unanimously granted me a concession to show at the World's Fair the art and hand industries of Ireland which I and others have been instrumental in reviving and developing. The exhibit will be one I venture to think of great and very lively interest. I will show in Chicago as I did in London all the processes by which homespuns are made, and by the hands of the very people we have taught, away on the wild coast of Donegal. I have already selected and will bring over with me in the spring the girls and boys; I will tell you their names: Mary Mulligan; she lives on an island in the Atlantic and comes across to see me in a curricle, which she can carry over her head. Shelah McBride will show you how to get beautiful dyes from the lichens and heather of the bogs by stewing them in a potato pot with the aid of such chemical mordants as we have taught her to use. Mary Doherty will show you how fine a thread she can spin on the "well wheel," and Patrick Gallagher will weave honest cloth on an ancient loom. The marking of the Kells embroideries and lace making, and the artistic carving of wood and marble, and the art of glass staining as now being carried on in the south of Ireland, and as applied to ecclesiastical decoration will also be shown by Irish workers trained in Ireland. Architectural beauty and increased attractions will be given to the village by the erection of replicas of buildings of great historical and antiquarian interest in Ireland, of which, if you will allow me, I will give some account in your columns later.

As you know I believe very strongly that the cure of Irish distress lies in the revival of Irish industry, and in making the agrarian population of Ireland industrial, and I have earnest hopes that the show I shall be able to make of Irish cottage industry at the World's Fair, and the story we can tell of hopes and prosperity taking the place, by their means, of despair and destitution, will induce all who love Ireland to aid us in our efforts.

ALICE W. HART,
Founder and Honorary Manager of the Donegal Industrial Fund, Donegal House, No. 43 Wigmore street, London, W.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

The solemn pines, all gaunt and grim,
were as still as the graves of the dead,
Wild winter winds sought rest in sleep,
and the sky had a hue of lead;
Like the rustle of cherub wings was the
fall of the virgin snow,
Hoar were the crests of the hills above—
the green of the glen below:
Weird as a ghost, the silent night stood
clad in a thin white shroud,
Though darkness lay like an omen of ill
on the face of each passing cloud,
Till lo! through the aisles of limitless
space the song, that the angels sang
What time the good Christ was born,
right over the firmament rang;
A message of peace, a carol of joy in a
whirl of glorious rhymes,
And the world grew young and glad again
at the peal of the Christmas chimes:
Oh, there in the light of the prophets'
star the poet dreamed a dream
Of a beautiful isle where the shamrocks
grow, and the crystal rivulets gleam;
The future rushed on his ravished gaze,
and flooded his heart with bliss—
Sweeter than music, and fairer than
dawn, for the vision he saw was this:

II.

A lovely land, old as th' eternal hills,
And yet forever new,
Whose diamonds are her limpid lakes
and rills
Reflecting heaven's blue—
A land begirt by sentinels of stone
That guard her verdant leas;
Chainless and strong, standing in pride
alone,
Belted by azure seas!
Her face aglow with summer's sunny
smiles,
Her breath than balm more sweet,
While clust'ring stars of cowslips shone
like bays
Resplendent at her feet!
Over her head a sky of sapphire hue,
Of changing shade and light,
Whose austral fields, moist with celestial
dew,
Shed balsam through the night
Over her em'rald sward from sea to sea,
North, southward, east and west,
Where roses bloom, fairest of all that
be,
And lilies crowd her breast:
A sceptre in her hand, an ocean queen,
She rules the billows now,
Standing beneath the time-worn flag of
green
With glory on her brow!
No more the sport of tyrants or the slave,
Her hour of death is past,
She rises from the ashes of the grave
Free, fetterless at last!

III.

Not all in vain the sacrifice of hosts of
hero lives
Whose hearts' blood in the past was shed
to rend her galling gyves;
Not all in vain had Owen fough to
break the Saxon yoke—
His faith was deep as ocean's self, and
stronger than an oak.
Shades of O'Donnell and O'Neill! your
missioned work is done,
The long dark night of serfdom's blight
is lost in freedom's sun;
Sarsfield's proud soul may revel now in
triumph evermore,
For alien rule no more pollutes the
Shannon's shamrock'd shore!
The dreams of Orr and Emmet, Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone
Are realized upon the wrecks of palace,
crown and throne;
Our martyr's dust, like dragons' teeth,
sprang up in armed men,
And manhood rose to smite its foes on
mountain and in glen;
Grim dungeons, where the patriot pined,
were leveled to the ground
And monuments of slavery were shattered all around;
The scaffolds, too, were cleft in planks,
and carved to barricades,
And England's odious knot was rent by
keen, avenging blades.
Battalions brave in armor clad now
guard their native home,
Our em'rald flag floats in the breeze—
our navy sweeps the foam,
And eyes are wet with joyous tears, and
bosoms beat amain
To see the dear old land they love a nation once again!

IV.

A land of meadows rich with sheaves of
gold—
A land of fertile mould,
Where plenty walks the consecrated
ground,
And all God's gifts abound;
Towns where the lusty roar of commerce
starts
In zea. from busy marts,
Where precious looms, worked with a
master's skill,
Shall nevermore be still:
A clime where horny hands, that till and
toil,
Now own their mother soil,
And Labor reigns from springtide unto
spring
Sole emperor and king!
Here merit's crest proclaims a man to be
Stamped with nobility—
Sealed with a holier seal than topaz set
On ducal coronet.
Here homesteads be where peace and
virtue dwell
In vales of asphodel,
Where hearts taste bliss unleavened with
alloy,
And live pure lives of joy;
While over all in sheltering folds is seen
A nation's Gold and Green
Whose flagstaff, planted in a people's
faith,
Defies the bolts of death—
Whose symbol through the days that are
to be
Bespeaks an Erin free!—
Free as the eagle-bird that proudly soars
Over her rock-bound shores—
No ban upon our country's martial soul
Marching unto its goal—
No chains forged fast by despots' wily
whims
To clank around her limbs—
Free as she was when in the days of old,
All beauteous to behold,
She sprang to life in glory and in bloom
From ocean's teeming womb!

V.

Oh, such was the vision that sped from
afar
O'er the midnight silent and still,
While the heavens were lit by the Magis'
star,
And the snows draped vale and hill—
A gleam from the future crystal clear,
A dream of the sublime times
That gladdened the bard when he
paused to hear
The peal of the Christmas chimes!

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CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Why Do Not Some People Practice What They Preach? Is a Question Propounded by Eleanor Kirk—Virtues of Sea Moss Blanc Mange Graphically Described.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1892.—"The reformers seem to have the energy of a frenzy, the rhetoric and vehemence of a geyser, the gesticulation of a Dutch windmill, and the soul of a Don Quixote."

The above is an extract from an eloquent and evidently very severe sermon by the Rev. D. C. Potter, a Baptist minister of New York City, on the "Prevention of Crime and the Pittsburg question." The few quoted lines from this remarkable discourse will serve to show that the speaker is not in sympathy with any of the methods prescribed by other good citizens and praying Christians for the suppression of vice. In fact Mr. Potter is very hard upon his professional brother Dr. Parkhurst, and quotes the words and attitude of Jesus as a sufficient vindication of his own theories on the subject. The bitterness of some of these ministerial denunciations seems to be about as far from the Christ spirit as hell is from heaven. They do not seem to realize when they are pounding and expounding, criticising and accusing, their "brothers in Christ," as they are in the habit of saying, that they are guilty of the same uncharitableness and hardness with which they accuse their brethren.

I wish those good men could express their disapproval in a different way. Now, I did not hear Mr. Potter's sermon, but I read every word of the printed report carefully and conscientiously, because I was determined to see how these men, who are in the habit of preaching to vast audiences every Sunday, regard the solving of these great problems. From first to last the above mentioned minister of the "Gospel" did not suggest any better way of working out the sum. Jesus said to the woman, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." That was a beautiful thing to say to one woman, and the spirit of these words should certainly permeate all our thoughts and actions. But where can we find the Great Healing Power in this part of the Nineteenth century, that can lift up and purify the great army of sinning women which in steadily increasing numbers marches through every street and alley of this round earth?

It is the easiest thing in the world to condemn the methods of others, but it is not so simple to show a better way. For my own part I am so thankful that at last these crying evils, these influences that debase and poison spiritually, physically, and mentally the health and happiness of the world, have at last, after years of indifference and damnable inertia, forced themselves upon public attention, that I don't care how much ministers, and editors, and laymen quarrel, if they will only say and do something. Out of this general and even acrimonious discussion is bound to come some way of dealing with these awful conditions.

I have been shaking hands in spirit with the Mayor of Pittsburg ever since I read his manly, honest, sympathetic and splendid letter to the police board, and I give a fresh shake with every added utterance. If we only had more such men in our places of trust, what might we not accomplish?

In several cases where women at a distance have written to me for information in regard to the best way of securing type-writing positions I have answered promptly and personally. In these replies I have striven to impress upon my friends that even the operator who is most expert with the machine will invariably come to grief unless she is familiar with the rules of grammar and punctuation and can spell correctly. In other words, the rudiments of a common school education are absolutely necessary to success. Now two of my correspondents are in trouble. One has been discharged from a good position in Washington, because of frequent erasures upon her pages, and another was told to go to school and learn to spell. The man or woman who hires a type-writer expects to find one who can write correctly from dictation, and whose work is neat and up to the standard. These discharged clerks naturally are much mortified, but why they should come to me with their grievances after all I have said publicly and privately on the subject, is another of the unsolvable conundrums.

I do not believe that alcohol is good for sore throat or for a bronchial cough. I do not think that anything will reach this condition curatively unless the functions of the body are all as properly regulated as it is possible for them to be. If there is room for the lungs to expand, and the heart, liver and stomach to perform their functions, and if the proper excretory work is accomplished, and the circulation is kept free and active by bathing and exercise, then there are certain simples that are always of service in such ailments as those mentioned above. In this list there is nothing more valuable than tea made from the sea moss, of which I have so often spoken. Put a scant half tea cup of moss into a quart of water, and let it come slowly to a boil. Strain and add the juice of two lemons, and sugar enough to make a pleasant beverage. When cool drink freely.

This simple moss tossed up by the sea seems to have in it the elements of special healing in all troubles of the mucous membranes. When the stomach is so irritated that ordinary food cannot be partaken of, sea moss blanc-mange will not only nourish—it will absolutely heal. But, like the old woman in Mother Goose's Melodies, it must compose "the chief of her diet" till the stomach regains its tone.

Mrs. Ballington Booth in her zeal for her work, has certainly acted without knowledge of the simplest physiological rules, and in consequence is now ill and in—let us hope only temporary—retirement. Mrs. Booth's little daughter was only three weeks old when she attended the Congress in New York, and as usual made her thrilling exhortation. God does not seem to have any special rules even for the convalescence of beautiful revivalists under such circumstances, and the prayers of faith will not in this year of our Lord atone for the act of ignorance or foolish zeal. "Pray without ceasing"—but in the meantime if you wish to overcome your enemies—"keep your powder dry."

One of the brightest of our Brooklyn women is Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, a writer for many periodicals, and the editor of the popular magazine "Romance." This is an unique departure from the usual magazine idea, being made up of popular short stories from the pens of our best writers.

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ESTATE OF KATE HOGAN (FORMERLY Kate Barrett), deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Kate Hogan (formerly Kate Barrett), deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1893, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 15, 1892.
PATRICK BARRETT,
Administrator of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, December term, A. D. 1892. Patrick Kennedy vs. Bridget Kinlry, executrix of the last will and testament of John Kinlry, deceased, Mary Sheridan Egan, Maggie Sheridan and unknown heirs of John Kinlry. In Chancery. No. 144,294.

Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John Kinlry that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1892, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Compl'ts. Sol'r.

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Waiting through days of fever,
Waiting through nights of pain
For the watch of angels at the portal,
For the coming of the immortal
And the breaking of life's long chain.

There is little to do for our dear one—
Only to watch and pray—
As the tide is outward drifting,
As the gates of heaven are lifting
And its gloom is on her way.

The tasks that so often taxed her,
The children she held so dear,
The steam of the coming and going,
The stress of the mending and sewing,
The burden of many a year

Trouble her now no longer.
She is past the fret and care.
On her brow is the angel's token,
The look of a peace unbroken,
She was never before so fair.

You see, she is waiting the angels,
And we—we are standing apart.
For us there are loss and sorrow;
For her is the endless morrow
And the reaping time of the heart.
—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

PRINCE'S WELL.

"Mabel, I love you."

Leaning from my saddle the words had scarcely left my lips when the girl riding at my side gave her mount a touch with her crop and was off like a flash.

At the bend of the road she turned her head and smiled. "If you kill your first deer, look for me tonight in Prince's Well," floated back, a silvery laugh echoed through the pine trees, and she was gone.

I would have followed, but the sound of the distant baying of hounds caught my ear. It was the first hunt of the season, and I knew Mabel would soon join the hounds. I listened again. The whole pack was in full bay; they had jumped a deer, and their excited yelps were growing rapidly fainter. A horseman passed me and sped through the woods. I followed. We passed the negro quarters, a broad cotton field was left in the rear, and the great rice fields spread out from the forest to the river. Away off on the bank, so far distant that I could barely hear them, the hounds were stretched for half a mile. Ahead of them an antlered monarch skimmed along. Taking one of the narrow canal banks, I spurred my horse on, but I was too far behind.

The deer and the hounds disappeared behind the trees. There was no sound to guide me, and in vain I followed in the direction I had last seen them. Unfamiliar with the roads, I halted on the banks of the broad Santee. The yellow water flowed by in eddying currents. Wherever I turned I saw but the ruin of better days. As far as the eye could reach not a field was under cultivation. Not a house or home arose from the monotonous level to break the dreariness of the scene.

I turned my horse toward Edgefield, determining to follow the river bank until I came within sight of my host's mansion on the other side of the river. I could easily call the ferryman and get over before the others returned from the chase. But I had miscalculated the distance I had traveled, and after several hours of picking my way along the dilapidated bank that had once formed a wall between the river and the rice field, but which was now broken in a hundred places, I began to realize that it would be nightfall before I arrived at Edgefield. Still I struggled on, and it seemed to me that at every break in the bank the water in the gulch was deeper. At first it barely covered my horse's hoofs, but soon it came to his belly, and once it almost carried him off his feet, so swift was the current.

As we mounted a high bank I realized for the first time how swiftly the water flowed below. It seemed, too, as if the banks were crumbling away in places. I rode on for a few moments. I could see that the current was constantly growing more rapid. I thought of the rains up the country of which Colonel Hazard had spoken, and of the freshet the planters expected within a day or two. Could it have missed their calculations and come upon them unawares? I glanced ahead at the faraway chimneys of Hazard Hall, and then at the long stretch of narrow bank ahead, with its numerous breaks, through which the water now flowed in torrents.

I spurred my horse toward a place ahead, where the bank spread out a hundred feet or more, and from which point I knew a narrow foot bank led to the mainland. We had almost reached the little hummock, with its tumble down log cabin, when I heard a rumbling murmur behind me. Far up the river a wave nearly three feet in height rose above the even surface of the river and rushed toward me, gathering on its crest logs and driftwood, which it tossed wildly about. The yellow foam glistened in the sunlight, and it was some time before I turned my fascinated, frightened gaze from the oncoming flood. When I did it was to see that an immense breach had opened in the bank between myself and the clearing.

With a sinking heart I hurried my tired horse on. I could hear the roaring nearer and nearer to me until it was just behind. Before me, though less to be dreaded, was the broad breach. My frightened horse plunged down the steep bank just as the rush of waters swept in behind me. He struggled bravely on until, lifted from his feet, we were both borne forward on the wave. A few feet to the right was the river, while on the left was the soft mud of the rice field—as dangerous as quicksand. We crossed the breach. My horse felt his hoofs beneath him, and as he tried to stagger to his feet I seized the tall canes that sheathed the bank. The horse sank back. There was a distressed whinny, and the unfortunate animal was swept from between my legs and out into the current.

Safe among the stout canes I soon scrambled to the top of the bank. Wet, fatigued and hungry I looked around in vain for the foot bank leading across the rice field to the mainland. It had worn away. A hundred feet ahead there was another break in the river bank. I was on an island. Unless some boat passed on its way down stream I must spend what was left of the day and the night there, with no other shelter than the rude log cabin that stood in the center.

As I approached the open door of the hut a feeble voice from within called:

"Is dat you, Marse Steny?" and then halting steps sounded on the rude plank floor. "Master, is you come fer ole Prince at las'?"

In the doorway stood the bent and decrepit form of an aged negro. His hair was white as snow, and his thin hands were extended before him in supplication. His eyes, now dim, seemed dazzled by the light, but tears of joy flowed down the furrows of his cheeks as he eagerly tottered forward.

"I'ze watched for you, Marse Steny," he said in broken accents. As he took my hand in his feeble fingers he bent to kiss it. I gently told him that I was not his master. For a moment he seemed stunned; then raising his eyes and peering closely into mine he dropped my hand, and turning away hobbled back to his hut. When I entered a few minutes later he was seated by the vacant fireplace mumbling to himself.

So this was Prince, the strange being whom the negroes feared and every one wondered at. Looking at him now I could readily believe that he was quite a hundred years old.

While Prince was muttering stupidly to himself I glanced about the single room of the cabin. A great pile of lotus seeds, gathered from the canals where the flowers bloomed in abundance, was stacked in one corner. Ravenous with hunger I ate a few. They were sweet and pleasant to the taste, but soon caused a drowsy sensation. I sat down opposite Prince, and as night drew on and the air grew chill I went out and collected enough brush to start a fire. The river was still turbulent. Great blocks of earth had been washed from either end of our little island, which was rapidly growing smaller.

Under the cheerful rays of the fire Prince seemed to brighten up.

"It's freshetin," I heard him mutter two or three times.

"Yes, it is fresheting," I said. The words seemed to rouse Prince's dormant powers, for he half rose from his seat.

"Den Marse Steny'll come," exclaimed the aged darky as he raised his trembling arms in prayer. "He allus use ter come ober here to watch de floods," said Prince, looking me straight in the eyes. Every trace of infirmity seemed to vanish. His mind was clear again, but it was busy with events of half a century ago. He was a slave once more, awaiting word from his master.

"Duz you know Marse Steny?" asked Prince. "De one wot owns dis place an all de niggers?"

"No," I answered gently; "I am a stranger."

"Ain' you nebber hear tell 'bout how I is marry de young marse ter Missie Grace, an how de ole marse is nebber forgib me? But Marse Steny is promise to come back for me, an he'll do it." And Prince put out his wrinkled hands to the blaze and gazed into the fire.

"Tell me about it," I asked.

"Well, it was dis way," began Prince. "I wuz a ole nigger w'en de marse—dat wuz my secon marse—is git kill in de fite wid de Mexicans. Marse Steny been a baby 'bout fibe yeah ole. Der ole missis is gib me ter him, cos he granpa, wot is kill, alwa's say he kin trus' me. Marse Steny pa is trus' me too. An ebryting go 'long hansum like till de votin cum 'bout Mister Lincum. Dat is bring trubble, cos Marse Elliott is jess cum wid he fambly frum de norf, an he say he goin ter vote for Marse Lincum. Dat is meck my marse mad, and he say Marse Steny mus' stop visitin ober 'cross de ribber at Marie Elliott's. Marse Steny been a growd up man den, and he say he goin ter visit who he please. Dat wuz cos Missie Grace lub him, an he lub her. Well, long 'bout harves' time Marse Steny is come to me an say: 'Prince,' sezee, 'you is a crergyman, ain' you?' 'Yes,' sezi, 'I is. Wot kin I do for you, Marse Steny?' 'I want yer to marry me to Missie Grace,' says Marse Steny, an dat's as shoah as I is sittin yeah now.

"I wanter larf at fust, but Marse Steny is look so grabe I sees he been in dead arnist, so I ain' say nuthen, but bows my head 'spec'fully, an w'en Marse Steny git trou talkin I ax him ef Missie Grace goin ter 'low nigger ter marry 'er.

"Marse Steny larf an say Missie Grace is cum from a lan where it don't meck no diff'rens wedder you is w'ite er brack. Den I know Marse Steny ain' jokin, an I is meck promise ter do wot he say.

"'Prince,' sezee, 'you mus' hide me in yo' cabin for sebral days,' an dat nite he cum down ter de plantashun, an w'en all de niggers is gone down ter de quarters Marse Steny is cumin ter my cabin un knock. I was sittin by de fire jess like dis tinkin ob de time dat Marse Steny wuz a leetle boy an uster cum to see us niggers on de plantashun an eat de same vittles wot we did. De ribber wuz a-rizin fas', an I allus liked ter listen ter its roarin.

"Bress my soul ef Marse Steny didn't stay all dat nite, an de nex' and de nex'. Den he sen me up to de big house wid a letter to he pa. I don't know wot dat letter sed, but de ole marse wuz pow'ful mad. He swar dat Marse Steny is a disgrase ter de fambly, an dat no one mus' ever mention he name en de fambly 'gain. I tink, though, dat Marse Steny muster sed sumptin about votin Mr. Lincum, cos de marse ain' eben ax me war I git de letter from.

"Arter he git trou cussin he jess turn he back ter hide he tears. 'Abosel, Abosel, my son Abosel,' he say. Dem's de berry words. Den he went inter de house, and frum dat day on he ain' ever speak 'bout Marse Steny, an wun day w'en de w'ite oberseer is mensun Marse Elliott name de ole marse jess turn w'ite, an de nex' minit he cuss dat oberseer as he nebber been cuss befo'. Least dat's wot de plantashun niggers is say.

"Well, w'en I get back to Marse Steny an tell 'im how he pa act ober de letter Marse Steny jess look at me hard an clench he fists. 'Hard an unfergivin ter de end,' sezee, slow like. 'But I am he son an kin be hard too. I'll marry de girl I lub an vote for who I d— please.' Dat was de fuss time I eber hear Marse Steny use cuss wuds, but dat nite he is swor' pow'ful bad, jess like he pa, an he mean it all too.

"I ain' interfere but once, an den I is ax Marse Steny if he ain' shame 'eself ter disagree wid he pa so. 'No!' sezee, wid de fire a-flashin from he eye. 'I ain' shame because I is rite.' An dat settled it. I knowed den dat dem two members of de fambly wouldn't nebber come tergeder 'gain in dis worl'. I is hide 'im dat night in my well war wuz all dry an big nuf ter let 'im make 'imself purty comferble on de bottom.

"De nex' night Marse Steny is sen me out wid anudder letter. Dis one wuz 'dress' ter Missie Grace. We is step outside de cabin tergeder. 'Prince,' sezee, 'w'en yo' git ter de Elliott manshun yo'll fin a big party goin on, an jess yo' go in de serbants' hall an ax for Missie Grace. An Prince,' sezee, 'press on her dat ef she cum wid you youse kin show her war I is, an tell 'er dat I is got to go 'way right off.' 'Why don't you ax her ter cum en de letter,' sez I. 'Cos', sezee, 'Missie Grace don't know war I is.'

"Shoah nuf, a party was goin on at de Elliott manshun, an arter sum dem low down hired nigger—de Elliotts' ain' own no niggers—is sass me, Miss Grace is cum out she self.

"'Well, Prince,' sez she. 'Missie,' sezi an scrapes, 'here am a letter from Marse Steny.'

"Miss Grace read de letter an turn w'ite. 'Will I nebber see 'im 'gain?' she say, an dat reminds me, so I sez, "Missie Grace, jess cum wid me all by yo'self, an I kin show you war 'e is in my well.'

"'Is it true?' she say, sorter ter she self. Den turnin ter me she say, 'Prince, I'll go wid you.'

"Missie Grace wuz berry nerbous. De ribber is a-risin all de time, an we has a mighty libely time of it a-gittin 'cross. W'en we is git ter de cabin an I is clare de weeds 'way 'bout de well fer her ter git trough she is laff scared like.

"Jess as she was goin ter lean for'ard Marse Steny is step from behin de canes. 'Grace,' sezee an opens his arms. An Missie Grace jess turn, an de nex minit she an Marse Steny wuz clasp tergeder.

"I ain't eenterup, but arter aw'ile I is yeah Marse Steny say, 'I done meck de test, an he ain' goin to forgib, but dat mecks no matter. We lubs, an dere is a minister yere ter marry us.'

"I know by dat dat Marse Steny means me, so I steps for'ard, an wid Gawd as my judge ef Miss Grace didn't put she han en Marse Steny's an say, 'Yes, I will be yo' wife ef Prince'll marry us tergeder.' Dat wuz de proudes' minit en my life, an it ain' teck dis nigger long fer ter marry dem two.

"I ain' no mo' dan git trou 'foh de soun of dogs an peeple is herd cumin 'cross de ribber in boats. De water is a-ragin fearful by dis time. Dey is discubber dat Missie Grace is gone an is hunt for she.

"'Jump en my boat,' sezi, pushin Missie Grace and Marse Steny befo' me. An dey is, an as Marse Steny is shub off he call ter me, 'Wait fer us, Prince; we will be back.'

"An dey will cum. Dey is boun ter. Marse Steny nebber broke he word en he life." And the aged negro arose from his seat. A new life seemed to course through his veins.

"Don't you heah dem cumin?" he exclaimed, pointing his long, thin arm to the open door.

There was no sound in the darkness without but that of the rushing river, which was now boiling and surging around the little island, almost all of which had been washed away but the little plot on which the cabin stood. As I stepped to the door a cold spray dashed into my face. It was the water of the river. A few more minutes and Prince's cabin would be borne away on the tide.

I turned to see if there was any means of escape. Prince was behind me pointing in the darkness up the river.

"Dey is cumin for Prince! See? Dey is cumin!" he shouted.

Then stretching out both arms he stood with the water splashing about his feet awaiting the coming of his master.

Awed by his strange demeanor, I followed his glassy gaze. For a moment I forgot the flood and my danger, for there outlined in the darkness was a white robed form in a light boat approaching. It came rapidly toward us.

"I have come for you, Prince!" shouted a silvery, girlish voice.

"I'ze ready, Missie Grace," came in stentorian tones from the lips of the aged negro. Then straightening his bent form he took a step back, and as the skiff, swept in the current, struck the little clod of land before the cabin door a light figure in white stepped out.

"Quick, Prince; come with me!" exclaimed a voice that thrilled me through.

But Prince answered never a word. Stiff and stark his body lay on the cabin floor. He had already joined his master and mistress.

As Mabel and I were whirled out into the stream the old log cabin toppled over and fell.

I stopped plying the paddle long enough to say, "We met at Prince's Well."

It was not long before we celebrated our deliverance from a watery grave by giving an entertainment at which a clergyman presided. On my very wedding night some one told me of how "Marse Steny" and his bride had perished in the flood on which they escaped from Prince's island and their pursuers. He had been told of the tragedy, but had steadfastly refused to believe it.—Alexander Hume Ford in New York Press.

Can't Afford to See a Sea Serpent.

There was a captain of a Cunarder once who was called on to the bridge by his first officer to see a supposed sea serpent. "Sir," said he, "I once knew a man who saw one and put his name to a document to that effect. He was a captain, too, and when he came into harbor his employers dismissed him because, they said, they couldn't have a skipper who got so drunk as that. He was the sport of the press for a month and his friends all put him down for as big a liar as Captain Drake's great-grandfather. I'm going below. I can't afford to see sea serpents."—London Globe.

RAPID FIRING GUNS.

HOW THE INVENTOR OF THE GATLING STRUGGLED AT FIRST.

Where He Got His Idea and How He Elaborated It—The Fundamental Principle of the Maxim Gun, in Which the Recoil Is Made to Do the Work.

A white haired, white bearded old man of striking presence and nervous manners is a familiar and frequent figure at one of the up town hotels. His name is Richard J. Gatling, and he is the inventor of the Gatling gun, which has played in modern warfare a larger and more effective part than any other instrument of destruction. Dr. Gatling has been a great traveler as well as a close and careful observer, and is a delightful and instructive companion. While chatting with him the other evening he told me the curious and interesting story of the origin of the Gatling gun. Dr. Gatling was born in South Carolina and received his medical training here in New York.

"In 1861," said he, "I was living in Indianapolis. My residence was near the depot, and I often saw troops of volunteers leaving for the front or when the dead bodies were brought home for burial. I was surprised to note that the number of men killed by sickness was far greater than those killed by ball or actual battle. One day I observed that of nineteen corpses which arrived at the depot only three had been killed in battle. Then the thought struck me that if a gun could be constructed capable of doing the work of a hundred men and requiring but two or three to operate it the horrors and the duration of war would be wonderfully lessened.

"I set to work at once, and in a few months completed the first Gatling gun. My first guns were built in Cincinnati and were able to fire from 150 to 250 shots per minute. Six had been completed when the factory burned down and the guns were destroyed. Following this accident I had thirteen guns made at what is now the type foundry in Cincinnati, and those I sent on by my partner, a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati, to Washington to persuade the government to introduce them. He took them to Baltimore, where he left twelve, and went with the other to Washington. The chief of the ordnance department at the time was an old fogy. He received him coldly, told him he had no faith in his gun and that he believed that flintlock muskets were, on the whole, the best weapons for warfare. In short, he would have nothing to do with him.

"My partner then left Washington and returned to Baltimore. Ben Butler was there with his troops. He had heard of the guns, and he asked to see them work. As soon as he had done so he said he would buy them on his own responsibility, and did so, giving his voucher for $12,000 for them. My partner had this cashed, but at this time there was a great fall in pork, and 50,000 hogs which he had packed in Chicago with the expectation of a rise had to be sold. In a word, the break in the market ruined him, and my money went with him.

"So for the first twenty guns I had made at a great cost to myself I received nothing. Ben Butler took the guns he had bought with him to the battle of Petersburg and fired them himself. They created great consternation and slaughter, and the news of them went all over the world. Now they are used by all the leading governments of Europe, and also in Asia and Africa."

Equally curious and equally interesting was the origin of the Maxim gun, in rapidity of fire and destructive qualities the most formidable rival of the Gatling gun. Hiram S. Maxim, from whose brain it sprang, is one of the greatest of living inventors, a man of splendid intellect and superabundant energy. Long before he became famous as a gun inventor he had achieved distinction as an electrician, and it is well known that he was narrowly anticipated by Edison in the perfecting of the incandescent light.

"When I went south as a soldier in the ranks many years ago," said Mr. Maxim not long since, "and fired my first musket the recoil knocked me down. Ever since I was a boy I had experimented with tools and wood in making little cannon, and when I fell down a new idea came to me. I wondered if I could not put that vigorous recoil to some good use. When I went to London I experimented a long while, and my gun is the result. The principle is simple. The cartridges are fixed on a long strip of canvas, which passes at right angles through the gun. I press a button, the trigger is released, and the first shot is fired.

"The recoil of the gun is all spent in pushing the lock piece back against a spring and pulling the canvas strip so that another cartridge falls into its place. As soon as the lock piece touches the spring it is released again. Another shot is fired, and the recoil pushes it back again, and so it keeps up as long as I hold my finger on the button, or as long as there is a single cartridge in the strip. Of course there are many details of mechanism, but that is the principle of the thing. There are 333 rounds on each canvas strip, and the gun fires at the rate of ten a second, or about 600 a minute. The Russian army has 1,000 rounds on a strip."—New York Herald.

Death from Fright.

I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual causes of death, and have met several well authenticated cases where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon General Francis tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves, and he died.—Dr. Elder in Washington Post.

A Gallant Reply.

A distinguished Philadelphia lawyer asked by his wife in company when the question was going round, "Who would you rather be if not yourself?" made the gallant reply, "Your second husband, dear."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Invention of the Cotton Gin.

No invention has played a larger part in our history than the cotton gin, which was the work of Eli Whitney. Whitney was the son of a poor Massachusetts farmer and worked his way through college without assistance. Soon after the revolution he settled in Georgia and became a teacher to the children of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous General Greene. One day when a company of planters were assembled at Mrs. Greene's house near Savannah the depressed condition of the southern states came up for discussion, and it was generally agreed that the chief cause of the existing condition of affairs was the difficulty of raising cotton with profit, owing to the great labor of separating the fibers of the cotton from the seed. One of the planters suggested that perhaps this work could be done with a machine, and this prompted Mrs. Greene to remark: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can make anything."

Whitney was sent for and the situation explained to him. He told the planters he had never seen a pod of cotton in his life, but he would try what he could do. Next day he procured some unclean cotton, shut himself up in his room and set to work to invent the machine required. From early boyhood he had exhibited wonderful skill in mechanics, and this aptitude was of the greatest assistance to him in his present task. He was compelled to make the tools and the wire with which he worked, but before winter had ended he had completed his machine. Then he set it up in a shed and invited a number of planters to come and see it work. The delight of his visitors at what they saw was unbounded. Whitney's engine could clean as much coton in one day as a man could clean in a whole winter.—New York Herald.

The Black Hole of Middle Mountain.

Up until about the middle of April, 1890, the "Black hole of Middle mountain" was one of the best known of Virginia's natural curiosities, the natural bridge of course always excepted. The Black hole was a natural well about twenty feet in diameter, situated at the foot of Middle mountain on the farm of A. H. Slitlington, in Pocahontas county. It was of unknown depth and locally believed to be poisonous from the fact that cattle, horses and other animals in common refused to drink of the water although almost famishing from thirst. Black hole has been known since at least 100 years before the opening of the Revolutionary war, and was given the name it bore because its waters looked as black as ink, even though the eyes of the beholder were not more than two feet distant from its surface. When dipped out by the cup, pail or barrelful it appeared as clear as crystal, the original coal black appearance being a phenomenon never satisfactorily accounted for.

Black hole, which had stood with its waters at a uniform level for two centuries of white man's history (during which time the water line had never in the least been affected by flood or drought), suddenly disappeared. One Varner, who lives on the Slitlington farm, was the first to discover and announce what was considered a neighborhood calamity. He had gone to salt the cattle which usually congregated in the shade around the brink of the pool, and was amazingly astonished to find that the old "bottomless well" had suddenly become a thing of the past. Its waters had been mysteriously drained, and its sides had fallen in.—St. Louis Republic.

The Different Hedge Plants.

Prospective planters of hedges may be assisted in making a decision by the following from Country Gentleman, whether the hedge be for ornament or with a view of forming a farm inclosure: "The selection must vary with locality, some succeeding well in one place and not in others. Where there is a good natural or artificial drainage and the winters are not too severe the osage orange is quite successful. In other places the honey locust does well, provided it is well cut back at the right time of year. The privet has a handsome natural hedgy growth, but is apt to die out in patches. The buckthorn is a hardy, thick grower, requiring less cutting back than some others, and when two or three barb wires are stretched lengthwise through its center while growing it becomes an efficient barrier. The barberry makes a beautiful hedge with little cutting and forms a good barrier with the barb wire center. Beautiful evergreen hedges are made of Norway spruce or hemlock, strengthened with wire in the same way. The arbor vitæ, or white cedar, has been much used, but will not bear its own shade without becoming too thin in foliage.

A Curious Irish Tradition.

Ireland is a country rich in traditions, and in places every inch of the ground has its queer history and some quaint story attached to it. For instance, not far from Belfast there is a romantic old well in a curious hollow of the hills called Barnas gap. The well is known as Barnas well and is filled at the bottom with white stones, the heather around being covered with pieces of rags. Close, too, is a large mound composed of stones, which is said to cover the bones of a holy friar long since dead. Every visitor to the well appears to make it a practice of adding a stone to the heap already there, but for what reason it is impossible to say.—Million.

A New Potato Food.

A new substance called torrefied pulp is being prepared from the potato. Its main use is for feeding cattle, but with boiling water it is said to form a palatable soup, and can be made into good breadstuff when mixed with wheat or rye flour. The potatoes are ground, and the pulp, after being pressed until most of the water is excluded, is sliced and dried in a furnace. The heating process is continued just long enough to give a pleasant taste to the product without converting its starch into dextrin.—Exchange.

A BACK DOOR TO BOTANIC SCIENCE.

A Shoemaker Who Found Health and Pleasure in an Interesting Way.

Years ago, in Brattleboro, among the green hills of Vermont, lived a man who was worthily earning his living as a shoemaker. He was fairly successful in a business point of view, but when he had reached the age of thirty-five or forty his health gave way. Going to New York to consult an eminent physician he was shown into an anteroom, and was looking at some plants in the window when the doctor came in. Examining the case carefully this wise physician said: "You do not need medicine. What you want is outdoor exercise and mental employment. I saw you looking at the flowers in the window. Are you interested in botany?" The shoemaker replied that he knew nothing about botany, but had always been fond of flowers. "Well," said the doctor, "go home, and every day this summer go out into the woods and fields and gather one flower, bring it home and find out the name of it."

He at first felt as little as Naaman did at his prescription of washing in the river Jordan, but finally, like Naaman, took his prescription and began the study of botany. Soon he became deeply interested, and in two or three seasons had collected nearly all the flowering plants of that vicinity. Having his attention called to mosses, he wrote Dr. Gray, asking for some textbook on that subject. This being before the day of "Gray's Manual" the only work Dr. Gray had to recommend was in German.

Nothing daunted, the shoemaker bought an "Ollendorff" and soon learned German enough to read his textbook. Awhile after a French book on that subject coming in his way he studied French until he could manage its contents, and then took up Latin and Greek sufficiently to be able to trace the derivation of botanical names. At last, having fairly mastered the more common divisions of the vegetable kingdom, he began the study of fungi, and there, as he told a friend, he had found a work to last a lifetime. This necessitated the purchase of more books, and finally of a Beck's microscope, and for years he could be seen every day in his shop, on one side his lapstone, his bench and the other implements of his daily labor, and on the other a library of botanical works in three or four languages, and on a shelf over his head his beautiful microscope.

And thus he spent the evenings of his days until his death, a genial, cultivated, intelligent Christian shoemaker-botanist. In reply to a question as to the amount of time he had devoted to his studies he said, "Always an hour a day and as much more as possible." Such was the record of Charles C. Frost, a man whom it was a privilege to have as a friend.—Professor Pickering in Christian Union.

A Beautiful Story.

When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was very young—scarcely more than a boy—he was deeply in love with a young girl, and having a poet's gift he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her.

She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head, so that even in the last sleep they should be, as they always had been—kept beneath her pillow.

Years passed by, and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried.

He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events, he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so.

At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with the grave which had been concealed for many years was opened in the presence of a wondering few.

Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proved to be a perishable material, and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's papers, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that made response to that love.—Chicago Post.

New York's Seventh Regiment.

A correspondent asks, "Will you give me some information about the war record of the Seventh regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., how long they served during the war of the rebellion, what battles they were engaged in and the total number of men lost during the war?"

The regiment, as a regiment, has only a slight war record. It volunteered for service in 1861 and marched from Baltimore to Washington; but, its own confessions to the contrary notwithstanding, it was not the first organization to reach the capital. Again, in 1862, it served from May 26 to Sept. 9, principally in Baltimore, and in 1863 it served from July 17 to July 20 at Baltimore and Frederick, Md. It fought no fights and lost one man, accidentally killed. But when you resolve it into its component parts it did great work. Six hundred and sixty-two members of the regiment served in the army and navy, 613 as commissioned officers, from master in the navy to general in the army, and sixty were killed or died of wounds or disease. —New York Sun.

A Bit of Old Repartee.

An oft quoted wit is Daniel Purcel, who is worthy of immortality as a master of repartee. The best of the reported witticisms of this forgotten jester is as follows:

Purcell was desired one night in company by a gentleman to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" asked Daniel. "The king," answered the other. "The king, sir," said he, "is no subject."—New York World.

LOVE THAT LOITERS.

They will bring their hoarded kindness
When our ears are deaf to love;
When the grasses wave above
And bewail their present blindness.

When we cannot heed regret
They will waste their shallow tears,
As if such could pay arrears
Or discharge the living debt.

They must know we shall not crave
Sunshine in yon grim retreat;
Gifts of life, however sweet,
Yet they keep them for the grave.

Though the grave has but despair,
And but hollow echoes wait
All who knock at that weird gate,
Still they pour their treasure there.

Let the snowy shaft aspire;
We shall never read the lie;
Grief uprears the marble high,
But remorse can rear it higher.

They will come when we are dead,
When to love our lips are dumb;
Then our laggard friends will come
And strew flowers overhead.
—Mrs. N. B. Morange in New York Advertiser.

AMADO.

I had not seen Sawyer—"Cal," as we called him—since we parted at Harvard upon commencement day, when, full of fervor and the class punch of '81, we swore to keep one another in sight. Cal went home and into leather, and I to a desk in Wall street. Now, five years later, I had almost run over my old college mate in my nightly mad rush for the L. I seized him by the arm and bore him along, postponing apologies until I had him packed into my little up town flat and introduced to my wife, who was the dearest woman on earth to me still, and who I knew could comfort and console the tall Californian as I could not, for I had already discovered that Sawyer had come east in pursuit of the einige Weibliche.

When dinner was over my wife slipped away to see if the baby was really sleeping as only such "bald headed tyrants" can, leaving us unnecessary and irresponsible men smoking and reminiscencing in my den of 5 by 9.

Suddenly a blow on the door startled Sawyer almost out of his chair.

"His majesty wishes to come in," I said, rising and opening the door.

"What a magnificent brute!" exclaimed Sawyer.

"Not 'brute,' if you please, Cal, but my friend. Amado, kindly shake hands with my old friend here and then compose yourself. You know your are rather pervasive in a room of this size."

My mastiff gravely did as he was bid and then settled himself at my side with a thud that made the things shake on the table.

"That's about the only uncivilized thing about him," I said, laughing. "He still remembers that his wild ancestors had to make their bed in the wilderness and crushed the tangle of vine and root under them."

Sawyer, who was quite as much of an animal lover as myself, knelt down beside the dog, fairly running over his points of beauty and of breeding—his coat of delicate fawn, silvery on flank and shoulder; his breadth of chest and strength of loin, the velvet blackness of his muzzle, the whiteness of his teeth, the clear brown of his eyes, the pure, rich scarlet of his tongue, the black markings of the mouth and the sinewy power of his straight, wide paws.

"Where did you find such a magnificent dog, you enviable fellow?" asked Sawyer as he seated himself and relighted his cigar.

"Dear old chum! He is getting passive and rheumatic. I've owned him now three years, and I've never yet regretted the small fortune I had to pay to get him from the former owner—a person wholly unworthy to possess even a pug. But it is for better reasons than points or pedigree that he is beloved next to the boy, and even the boy can't put his nose out of joint. He was the deus ex machina that gave me my wife."

"Ah! That sounds interesting," said Sawyer. "Tell me the whole story. I've confided to you my plight, and you won't find a better listener."

I had never before felt the least inclination to babble of my own affairs, past or present, but if I could soothe and distract the mind of this old classmate that was plainly my duty. "Very well, then, here goes for it. You will find it as mild as a homœopathic pellet, but it was interesting enough to me." I said this with well affected indifference, but was really eager to begin.

"Margaret—my wife—and I had grown up together in a little town in southern Ohio. You know the kind perhaps—everything pastoral and religious, all church and no chaperons—where the boys and girls were allowed the utmost liberty, a liberty, it must be admitted, they did not abuse, but used and enjoyed with a sort of sturdy sanity and self respect impossible in this sophisticated, crowded city of conventionalities. We—she and I—lived side by side and held long and confidential conversations over the stiff, green wire fence that separated our grape arbor from her bed of tea roses. I saved the last sweet, frosty bunch for her, and at the first chill hint of winter helped her cover her roses with straw, making their tall stalks into queer, angular scarecrows for Jack Frost's terrifying.

"My mother was a New Englander, and the thirst for knowledge of books and men that smoldered in her breast flamed into power for her only son, and so I was sent to Harvard. While still a freshman I came to regard my native town as the vanishing point in the perspective of an inglorious past. With what a lofty smile I should have received the hint that the dark eyed little girl whom I had left to tie her roses alone might one day amply avenge all my slights!

"I concealed my boyish delight in life under the most pronounced and classic 'indifferentism,' and I wonder even now how ever my mother could put up with me. My old friends laughed at my airs and my reformed accent, secretly disliking and envying me. I naturally found it much pleasanter to spend my vacations in the soothing atmosphere of be

ings like myself, after a brief visit to my mother.

"During these occasions I saw Margaret only once or twice, and always carried away the disturbing impression that she was in no way impressed either by my superior manners or talents. This was slightly annoying, as she was far and away prettier than any girl of my acquaintance, east or west. To be sure, I had made her blush—such an exquisite red—but it was with vexation. Upon my first departure we had written one another quite regularly, but about the middle of my first year I received a letter from her, in which she professed humbly to believe that her western ways were but a burden to such an exalted being as I had become—and wrote no more. Her letters were so fresh and individual that I missed them, but I was fatuous enough to accept her silence as a simple hearted tribute to my worth. I say, Sawyer, when a man is a fool how many different ways he finds to show it!"

"Or when he is in love!" added Sawyer ruefully.

"That stage was to come soon enough. Along the last months of the year I had caught 'winged words' here and there regarding some not impossible she, spending a year in Boston, who had become a creator of contention between various givers of college 'spreads.' You were in '80 and of course not interested. Would this she accept one or all of the invitations showered upon her? Would she like Van Rensselaer's rooms best, filled as they were with old colonial furniture and silver, or would she prefer to linger at Tarrey's, in a purely Bohemian atmosphere, with boxing gloves and burrings?

"The affair promised to be interesting, and I was bent upon being a witness possibly myself not wholly unnoticed. It was therefore with a very bad grace that I read in a letter from my mother that Margaret Burton was in Boston, and asking me to see that she was suitably initiated into the preciousness of things Harvardian. And yet I was piqued enough when in answer to my formal note—I had dispensed with the needful call—I received a closely worded little note saying that she had already accepted for 'spreads' at Weeds and Halworthy. I had of course supposed that she knew nobody, and had been by no means averse to act the modern mentor to a fair Telemacha. Of course you've guessed the end. Even an expert detective would have a clew by this.

"But I was as unsuspicious as only a foregone conclusion can make one, and when I sauntered into White's rooms at Halworthy and saw Margaret surrounded by 'the superlatives,' as we call them, smiling, gracious, witty and wholly at ease, I was dumfounded, overcome, ecrase. Whether it was that my nativity spoke for me, or as I think now, from pure womanly kindness, Margaret neither scorned me, as I deserved, nor froze me, as she well knew how. She gave me her hand in its long yellow glove, made a place beside her, and then seemed to quite forget me.

"I've made a lengthy preamble, but the denouement is at hand. Suffice it that the next year I was her slavish shadow. I climbed awkwardly down out of the rarefied air of my superiority, content to be in the same world with her. She perhaps suspected the truth of one of my own epigrams—that it is only an unrequited love that makes a man good and keeps him humble. She was sweet and frank and charming, but she had no blushes to hide from me. There were no quarrels to make up, and while I got as many smiles as the rest—and the rest were many and ardent—I was never given a confidence nor made trembling witness of a tear.

"Wherever Margaret went I followed, usually on a later train, as I was always forbidden if I stated my intentions. Now comes the crisis, modestly dramatic! Margaret had gone to Narragansett for a week. After two days I found the town insupportably hot, and getting off late arrived at the hotel about 11 o'clock. There was dancing in the ballroom, and as I registered at the desk through the wide doors I could see the lights and the moving figures. As I hesitated there, making up my mind, as there was no chance of a dance with her, to grumble crossly off to bed and a lover's dreams, a child, almost a baby, dashed suddenly out of the side corridor and ran, screaming shrilly, through the doors and down the aisle made by the dancers, who were beginning the lancers.

"Behind the child came an enormous mastiff, his eyes blazing, a length of red tongue showing between his dripping jaws. I do not know to this day how I got there, but an instant later I stood in the middle of the ballroom holding the child high in the air. Then the child began to pound my head and face, kicking violently. The dog stood by my side wagging his tail. A roar from the men and a heartless giggle from the women began to enlighten me. When the child's mother took him from me and began resentfully to smooth down his tumbled laces I quite understood.

"The dog was the pet and victim of this enfant terrible, and I the hero of a—comedy. Cruelly mortified and deeply disgusted, I turned to go. Somebody stepped out of the group nearest me. It was Margaret. She held out her hand to me, and in her eyes I read something sweeter than pity. I bought the dog, who was of course Amado."

At the sound of his name the mastiff opened one eye sleepily and beat with his great tail on the floor.—Dorothea Lummis in Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Evades His Own Instructions.

F. Marion Crawford says that he thinks there is a richer field for the novelist in the United States than in Europe. And yet Mr. Crawford confines his attention largely to Italy and neglects the "original characters" of America, whom he so much admires.—Rochester Herald.

A Brave Man.

The man who has never needed to have any teeth pulled out is the loudest in advising the sufferer to "brace up like a man and have the thing out at once."—Exchange.

"PEE-WEE."

When the morning long was filled with song
That burst from every tree,
I heard a foolish little bird
That only sang "Pee-wee!"

And I spoke out clear, so the bird could hear,
"It really seems to me
If I couldn't sing a different song
Than just 'Pee-wee! Pee-wee!'

"I'd hide away from the songsters gay
In the thickest greenwood tree,
And I wouldn't sing the foolish thing
To show my low degree."

But the little bird, when he had heard
My wise speech, looked at me
With his bright eyes wide and his head one side,
And said again, "Pee-wee!"

And I understood the lesson good
The little bird had for me.
God gives one song, and we should sing,
If it only be "Pee-wee!"
—Albert Annett in Youth's Companion.

A CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

"But, sir," said the orderly in respectful remonstrance, "you are annihilated."

"Annihilated!" echoed the captain in indignation.

"Yes, sir; the umpire sent word as you and all your company was swep' away by the last discharge of the milishy."

"By the militia, too!" exclaimed the captain. "Well, I'm d——d. Here, give me my flask and sandwiches and take the horse."

The captain sat watching the fight as it rolled over to the opposite hill and consuming his sandwiches. He was of course annoyed at being annihilated; but after all he was saved some marching in the sun, and the day was hot. He wondered where he should be likely to find his wife, who had expressed her intention of trying to see something of the maneuvers. By the time, however, that he had finished his lunch and lit his cigar he decided that he did not much want to find his wife, and he lay back and smoked in luxurious ease.

"Talk about meeting death with resignation!" mused he; "why, it's splendid. I'm sorry it was the militia, though. I suppose our charge was rather rash—a Balaklava sort of"——

He nodded off, and his cigar fell from his lips. Hardly had this happened when he was roused by a sweet voice Opening his eyes, he saw before him a lovely girl.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but could you tell me where to find mamma?"

The captain looked at the lady. "I am dead," he said; "dead men can't find mammas."

"You don't look very dead," she answered, smiling.

"An Englishman never knows when he is dead," said the captain in hazy reminiscence; "but I have it on the authority of the umpire, if that will do."

"I left mamma just about here," remarked the lady.

"Then she's undoubtedly annihilated also. Nothing bigger than a mouse could have lived through that fire."

"Mamma is much larger than a mouse," said the lady, smiling.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the captain.

The lady, smiling again, sat down. She wore a simple dress of white, and the blue ribbon round her waist was rivaled by the blue of her eyes.

"I mustn't stay long," she said.

"At a moment like this," remarked the captain, "a man's memory wanders free through the delightful labyrinths of youth and love"——

"Love! Are you married?"

"I was married," answered the captain.

"And you were thinking of your wife?"

——"while his fancy," pursued the captain, "pictures joys yet in the future—perhaps the near future."

The lady was picking a daisy to pieces. She raised her eyes for a moment and looked at the captain.

"But if you are dead"—she suggested.

"Now you," the captain continued, raising himself on his elbow, "are too young even to have thought of a kiss!"

"I have certainly never thought much of a kiss," said the lady.

"The thought does not fill you with delicious trepidation?"

"Oh, no."

"I thought not," said the captain in a gratified tone. "It does me, you know."

"Ah!" said the lady.

"You can't know what it's like."

"I've often kissed mamma."

"It's not quite the same thing; still, show me how you kiss mamma."

"Well, supposing my hand was mamma, I should go like that."

"I see. And what would mamma do?"

"Oh, I can't show you that. My hand can't kiss me, you know."

"But supposing I were your hand"——

"That's nonsense, isn't it? I couldn't suppose that."

"Well, then, supposing I were mamma"——

"But you're not a bit like mamma."

"I have it. Suppose you were mamma, and I were you"——

"That would do capitally; but we need not trouble. I see mamma coming now."

She pointed, and at the foot of the hill the captain also saw mamma.

"Has she good sight?" asked the captain.

"No, she is nearsighted. I'm afraid she'll not see us."

"Ah!" said the captain, and he kissed the lady. With a little cry and a little laugh she sprang up and ran down the hill.

The captain closed his eyes, but in a moment a well known voice made him open them again. His wife stood before him. She was looking very handsome, the captain thought. By her side stood young Jocelyn—Beauty Jocelyn, as they called him—the last joined cornet. The captain's wife and Beauty Jocelyn stood just in front of the captain, some six feet from him.

"I don't see why not," said the captain's wife to Beauty Jocelyn, and to the captain's horror Beauty Jocelyn kissed his wife.

"Another?" asked Beauty Jocelyn.

"I should like it," said the captain's wife.

"This is a hideous nightmare," thought the captain.

"Just one more!" pleaded Beauty Jocelyn.

"Well, if you"—began the captain's wife.

But the captain leaped to his feet. "The devil!" he cried.

"Oh, you are awake now, dear, are you?" said his wife. "How imprudent to sleep in the sun! I met Mr. Jocelyn, and he kindly helped me to find you."

"I was delighted," murmured Beauty Jocelyn.

"Delighted, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain. "You dare to kiss my wife before my very eyes! And she—she permits it!" and the captain groaned.

"My dear captain, I kiss your wife!" expostulated Beauty Jocelyn with raised eyebrows.

"Charles! How dare you!" said the captain's wife.

"You deny it? You have the audacity to deny it? Just now, this very moment, you kissed her twice."

"You must have been dreaming, Charles."

"At first I thought I was," said the captain bitterly; "but I am awake now."

"Ah, but you were dreaming!" insisted his wife, and her eyes wandered from his face and looked down the hillside.

Near the foot of the hill, side by side with a stout woman in black, the captain saw a white muslin dress and a blue sash. The eyes of the captain's wife rested an instant on the white and blue; then they traveled back and dwelt upon the captain's face.

"You were certainly dreaming," said the captain's wife, and Beauty Jocelyn smiled.

A pause followed. The captain thought he heard a light laugh wafted by the breeze from the foot of the hill. He looked again at his wife. His wife smiled.

"I must have been dreaming," said the captain.

Beauty Jocelyn laughed.

"But are you awake now?" asked his wife.

"Well, you woke me," said the captain.

"I thought we should," said his wife. "Shall we go home now, Charles?"

"Perhaps we had better."

"You don't want to sleep any more?"

"No; I think, on the whole, I have slept enough."

"On the whole, perhaps you have."

His wife took the captain's arm and bowed to Beauty Jocelyn.

"Au revoir!" said Beauty Jocelyn, and when the captain saw him last he was tacking warily down the hill in the wake of the white and blue.

"I think Mr. Jocelyn likes dreams too," said the captain's wife.—True Flag.

Some Interesting Relics.

What appears to be the most interesting archæological discovery since the settlement of western New York by the whites was made recently near the city line. Workmen who were engaged in laying out a new street turned up a quantity of human bones and copper instruments, which so excellent an authority as W. C. Bryant believes to be relics of the Kah Kwahs, the little known tribe of peaceful Indians who occupied this region before the days when the Senecas came to keep the western door of the Long House.

The early and complete extinction of this nation by the more warlike and better organized Iroquois left little more than a legend of them to inspire the poetical fancy of the lamented David Gray, and to furnish a name for a cottage on the lake shore. If further investigation shall tend to confirm Mr. Bryant's apparently well founded conjectures, the relics discovered will add distinctly to our knowledge of the people whose fires burned here long before ours were kindled.

This was an ancient burying ground for a race of giants, judging from the size of the bones found in the loamy soil of the hill. They show the men to have been very large.—Buffalo Courier.

Paprika, or Hungarian Pepper.

A very delicious red pepper, too little known in this country, is the Hungarian paprika. It is little, if any, stronger than white pepper, has an exquisite flavor peculiarly its own, and threatens no hepatic troubles. Although a very good pepper for table use, the chief excellence of the paprika is in culinary employment. Heat brings out its flavor, and being so mild it may be used lavishly without giving pain to tender mouths.

The Spanish black pepper, which grows in long pods like vanilla beans, closely approximates to paprika, but is not quite so fine a flavor. It is a little milder and is principally used in cooking.—Food.

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We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50 We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12.00 This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10 This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered $16.75.

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No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Grange" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

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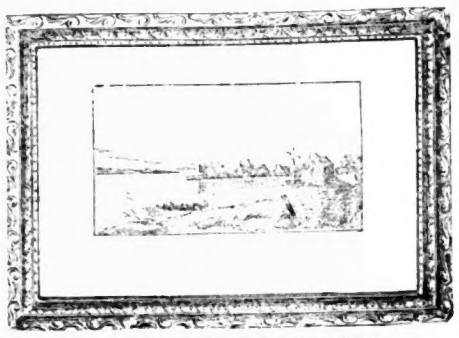

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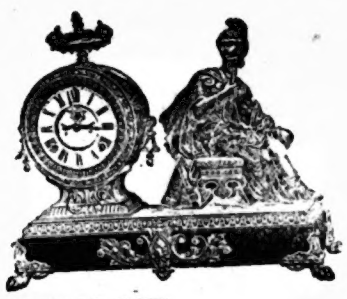

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